

ZION'S HERALD

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Our paper bears the date of the day set apart by both Federal and State authority, in proclamations by the President and Governor, as an occasion of thanksgiving and praise to God. When these proclamations were written there was nothing in the condition of our country or of our State to excite aught but the most grateful feelings. General prosperity had crowned the year; a great international act of comity had removed unpleasant if not threatening difficulties between the United States and Great Britain; Chicago had wonderfully recovered from her terrible fire; the harvests of our broad land had been almost universally generous; our national debt was decreasing, our taxes diminishing, and our local manufacturing interests in New England were in a very healthy condition. Surely if any people ever had occasion to set apart a day, not simply as a holiday, but as a holiday of praise and gratitude to God, it was ours. But here in New England, just as Thanksgiving opens upon us, we find ourselves under the pressure of a calamity of extraordinary extent and severity—a calamity that is not confined to the chief city of these eastern States, nor even to New England, but one which draws into its fiery maelstrom the enforced participation of all parts of the country. Immense pecuniary losses, and very bitter disappointments have fallen to the lot of thousands.

Still, our characteristic New England festival will not be shorn of its domestic enjoyment, and the great commercial trial will, perhaps, all the better prepare our people to appreciate the religious portion of the customary services of the day. This at least will be certain, there will be few monotonous and stale discourses uttered on that day. The old yellow manuscripts that have done often annual service on such occasions will be cast aside with disgust as utterly inappropriate to such an hour, and manly, inspiring, and truthful words will fall warmly from sympathizing lips upon ears that have been stunned with the noise of crashing fortunes. It will be a day of high purpose and Christian hope. We have, even those that have suffered most severely, much to be grateful for. Our brave business men who have experienced personal losses, join in the general thanksgiving that so few of the very poor were unhoused and absolutely deprived of employment. Few homes were burned. Generous sentiments have been kindled. Fraternal aid has been proffered. Business is already starting again. Out of this great consumption of the necessities of life, will come a wonderful quickening of enterprise all through New England. Let us still rejoice and be glad, for the Lord reigneth!

It will be a day when we shall more than ever think of the poor. Let our gifts be generous. Some tables might be empty were it not for the thoughtful bounty of neighbors. Let every family have something better on its board than usual on this day. Offer to the Master, in the form of his needy servants, a large thank-offering, that, in this great destruction of property, the richest gifts of our present and higher life are still left to us!

We notice with satisfaction the intimation printed in conspicuous letters along the streets, that the city authorities will enforce the law visiting a severe penalty upon the use of uncovered lights, pipes, or cigars in stables, and such exposed places. But this is not enough. The nuisance of public smoking has become as dangerous as it is offensive; the atmosphere in the streets, cars, and in many city offices is made noxious by the growing use of tobacco. There is serious danger in it, even if the assertion which we have heard from intelligent quarters proves unfounded, that the late awful fire originated in this way. Men smoke everywhere, and forget to remove their cigars when they go among inflammable materials. If principals smoke in places of business, subordinates will, and a dangerous element is carried by careless hands into all parts of the

premises. A friend of ours, to whom tobacco smoke is particularly offensive, had occasion, a few days since, to visit a fire insurance office, and found the public room so full of tobacco smoke that he could hardly remain without nausea long enough to transact his business. It may not be once in many years that ashes from a cigar ignites any substance upon which they fall; but that one accident may occasion a calamity like that through which we have just passed. It is a good hour to establish stringent rules on this subject. Certainly fire insurance offices are the last institutions, one would think, to encourage such presumption with a firebrand!

It is one of the oldest forms of selfishness in the world to throw the responsibility of evil upon the shoulders of others. We have noticed, even in view of this fact, with considerable surprise, the cruelty and meanness of the indirect reflections upon the management of Chief Engineer J. S. Damrell, during the late fire. Never a man, under such fearful responsibilities, bore himself more calmly and nobly, or periled more freely his life for his city and fellow-citizens, than the experienced and courageous Chief of our Fire Department. He has a most satisfactory justification at last in the unanimous testimony of the engineers of eleven fire departments in the vicinity of Boston, who held a meeting last week, in the City Hall of Charlestown. Suffering from his long and severe exposure, and from a fall that might have been attended with more serious results, this expression from men most capable of all others of forming a correct judgment in such matters, must be particularly grateful to him. We should have spoken of this last week, but delayed for others, lest it might seem, on our part, rather the dictate of friendship and denominational interest. He stands now justified by his peers, and will only be remembered in his relation to this terrible calamity with the warmest gratitude, and the highest professional respect.

The fire, which occurred on Wednesday evening would have been called both great and serious, were it not overshadowed by the terrible ruins a short distance to the south and east of it. We looked upon the destruction of property occasioned by it with feelings of personal sympathy and sadness. The chief sufferers are our friends of many years. The names of Messrs. Rand and Avery have become well known; their printing establishment was one of the largest and best appointed in the country. Their imprint is to be found upon some of the finest specimens of typographical art in our American literature. A large number of employees, seventy-five of them ladies, were interrupted in their daily labors by this fire. Although our friend, the senior partner, is suffering from impaired health, we doubt not, his unsubdued spirit will soon triumph over this calamity, and even a better printing establishment will grow out of the destruction of its predecessor. In one of the stores underneath, is Mr. Henry Hoyt, the noted Sunday-school publisher, with whom for six years we were once associated in connection with the American Sunday-school Union—a man of sterling principles, of fine business capacity, and of undaunted pluck. His stock of books is ruined. He is heavily insured, but in companies already crippled by the great fire. By his side is Mr. Moses H. Sargent, treasurer of the Congregational Publication Society, whom it was our pleasure to receive into the Methodist Church in Newburyport thirty years ago, but who for a quarter of a century had justified the soundness of his Methodist conversion in incessant public services in the Congregational churches. His stock has been badly injured by water, but was well insured. Above him are our friends, the editors and publishers of *The Congregationalist*. They were seriously disturbed by the fire, but are on their feet again, issuing one of the sprightliest, freshest, and most readable of our leading religious

newspapers. Between them and the bookstore was sandwiched the Depository of the Massachusetts Bible Society, of which our ever young, witty, excellent-tempered, and able friend, Rev. Daniel Butler, is the Secretary. It was sad to have the "sincere milk" of the Word so dreadfully watered. We proffer to all these friends our hearty sympathy. When they are fairly started again the Christian community must pour upon them a flood of orders with cash payments, to compensate them for the flood of waters which has so sadly washed away their property.

There has been no special occasion of late to test the value of prayer in a sanitary or hygienic way, but there have been ample opportunities to test its efficacy as a sustaining power in the hour of overwhelming trouble. Scores of men during the late calamity found a superhuman support in it. A gentleman who had a large amount of property exposed to the late fire, and met with heavy losses also, said, when his friends began to come, one after another, to his door about two o'clock on that now ever-memorable Sunday morning, to bring their books and goods snatched from their burning stores, to place them in his rooms for safety, and to tell him that the fires were absolutely beyond human control, and were likely to sweep the principal part of the city, for a moment his heart began to beat painfully. He dropped upon his knees, and placed himself, his family, and all his interests in the Father's hands, and from that moment, during all the progress of the fire and the development of his losses, he had been kept in perfect peace. It was not manly nerve, nor resolute courage, nor the elasticity and hope of youth, for this Christian gentleman has retired from active business, and his hair is as white as the snow; it was simply the promised divine answer to prayer: "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him." The best defense of prayer, is prayer itself. The man that prays, needs no argument to assure him of its potency.

The matter of insurance has assumed a prime importance in the minds of all business men during the last few weeks. The standing of the companies in which policies are secured will be scrutinized as never before. Merchants feel the importance of really obtaining the insurance for which they pay their annual premiums. They will cheerfully devote larger sums to this object if they can feel a sense of repose as to the abilities of the underwriters who take their risks. The only criticism that has been made upon the course of the firms that have been unable, on account of the fire, to meet their engagements in full, is that they were not adequately insured. Over a million, in some instances, have been risked with only insurance upon one third of it.

It is impossible to escape the moral of this perilous lesson. It is not impertinence, even in this hour of sore temporal distress, kindly and earnestly to inquire in reference to the provision which our readers have made for the certain and solemn realities just before them. What is their assurance in view of the positive contingency of death, but a short space in advance of them? Have they lately examined their policies? Is the whole risk positively covered? Is the Divine seal stamped upon the spiritual record?

We find the name of an old Vermont companion in childhood, Mr. Thomas Hale, upon *The Saturday Chronicle*, of Charlestown, as editor and proprietor. Mr. Hale has had a long and successful tuition in the work upon which he has entered afresh. The admirable appearance of the present sheet, its fullness of local and general news, the vigor and variety in its editorial department, and its interesting selections, give abundant evidence that a skilled and cultivated mind presides over it. We wish our friend the best success.

Original and Selected Papers.

THE MINISTRY OF SONG.*

This dainty volume contains the sweetest of songs; the production of an English poet, daughter of an eminent clergyman of the Church of England, himself the author of a vast number of hymns, anthems, and songs.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal is a graceful, refined, and sympathetic writer, and a deep, devotional spirit pervades the entire collection. We have never met with a volume of original poems affording such perfect satisfaction as these. The volume opens with a "Prelude" of two verses, and then comes the poem, "The Ministry of Song," from which the title of the book is taken:—

"In God's great field of labor,
All work is not the same;
He hath a service for each one
Who loves His holy name.
And you, to whom the secrets
Of all sweet sounds are known,
Rise up! for He hath called you
To a mission of your own.
And, rightly to fulfil it,
His grace can make you strong,
Who to your charge hath given
The ministry of song."

"Threefold Praise" is a rare production of about two hundred and fifty lines, in which the characteristics of Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Handel's "Messiah," are discriminated with critical nicety and power of expression, which conveys the excellencies of these three great masters with most appropriate fidelity.

Among so many rare gems, we are at a loss to select those of superior excellence. "God the Provider," is founded on the text, "My God shall supply all your needs," etc.:—

"Who shall tell our untold needs
Deeply felt, though scarcely known!
Who the hungering soul can feed,
Guard and guide, but God alone?
Blessed promise! while we see
Earthly friends must powerless be,
Earthly fountains quickly dry,
God shall all your need supply.

"He hath said it! so we know
Nothing less can we receive;
O that thankful love may glow,
While we restfully believe—
Ask not how, but trust Him still;
Ask not when, but wait His will;
Simply on His Word rely;
God shall all your need supply."

Thus the writer goes on, emphasizing each word in the sentence. If a foot-note it is stated that the Greek word translated "supply," is much stronger; expressing "will supply to the full," "fill up," "satisfy."

"The Right Way," expresses the questionings of many a beclouded mind. We can only give a brief selection from this poem:—

"Lord, is it still the right way, though I cannot see Thy face,
Though I do not feel Thy presence, and Thine all-sustaining
grace?"

Can ever this be leading, through the bleak and sunless wild,
To the city of Thy holy rest, the mansions undivided?

"Lord, is it still the right way? A while ago I passed
Where every step seemed thornier and harder than the last;
Where bitter disappointment and only aching sorrow
Carved day by day a weary cross, renewed with every morrow?"

"I cannot hear Thy voice, Lord! dost Thou still hear my cry?
I cling to Thy assurance, that Thou art ever nigh;
I know that Thou art faithful; I trust, but cannot see
That it is still the right way by which Thou leadest me."

"I think I could go forward with brave and joyful heart,
Though every step should pierce me with unknown fiery smart,
If only I might see Thee, if I might gaze above,
On all the cloudless glory of the sunshine of Thy love."

Believing this will meet a sympathetic response in many a tried heart, we have cited more fully than we intended. Mark the beauty of these lines, taken from "Our Hidden Leaves":—

"Leaves which grave experience ponders,
Soundings for her pilot-charts."

and these:—

"All our own, our treasured secrets,
Indestructible archives!
None can copy, none can steal them,
Death itself shall not reveal them,
Sacred manuscripts of lives."

"Our Father," is full of precious sentiments—words of cheer to those who fear lest they love not, because they feel not the flame of affection glowing, and the raptures thrilling the soul with ardent emotions. What a question is this to such:—

"But what if He, the Lord of life,
Could ever pass away?"

What if His name were blotted out,
And you could know to-day
There were no Heavenly Father,
No Saviour dear and true,
No throne of grace, no resting-place,
No living God for you!"

"Wounded," is a rare gem, and expresses also the experience of many a sensitive soul. "Faith and Reason" is another. We have space for only a sample:—

"Reason unstrings the harp to see
Wherein the music dwells;
Faith pours a Hallelujah song,
And heavenly rapture swells;
While Reason strives to count the drops
That lace our narrow strand,
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep,
To seek a better land."

"One is the foot that slowly treads
Where darkling mists enshroud;
The other is the wing that cleaves
Each heaven-obscuring cloud.
Reason, the eye which sees but that
On which its glance is cast;
Faith is the thought that blends in one,
The future and the past."

"Faith is the bride that stands enrobed
In white and pure array;
Reason, the handmaid who may share
The gladness of the day.
Faith leads the way, and Reason learns
To follow in her train;
Till, step by step, the goal is reached,
And death is glorious gain."

"A Lull in Life" and "The Lull of Eternity," are replete with beautiful and sublime utterances; but were we to transcribe all of the good things, we should give the book entire. The last, and "The Seeing Heart," have never before been published. M. D. N.

MUSIC AS A FINE ART.

BY PROF. J. K. PAINE.

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SECOND ARTICLE.

Medieval Church music did not fulfill the entire mission of the art, for it did embrace within its scope of expression all the nature of man, leaving out an important element of artistic representation, his earthly acts and passions. It was reserved for secular music to supply this want. Music can also express outside of the Church the highest principles of religion and morality, as they influence the sentiments and actions of men. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was undoubtedly the means of giving a new impulse to the cultivation of secular music, which previously had been ignored, and held in contempt by the educated musicians and ecclesiastics, and in Germany the Reformation was also the source of a new style of sacred music of popular origin. During the absolute origin of medieval counterpoint the sense of melody which existed later in the songs of the Troubadors and Minnesingers, and other popular melodies of a very early date, was almost wholly lost, and consequently melody had to be discovered again, so to speak, about the year 1600. It was not the learned musicians, but mere dilettanti, who took these first steps on a new path. In Italy the increasing interest in ancient literature and art led to an ardent desire on the part of cultivated men to restore Greek tragedy. Enthusiasts painted its splendors in glowing colors. They believed that modern counterpoint could not compare with ancient music, either with respect to the simple beauty of the melody, or the comprehensive clearness and rhetorical expression of the words. This idea of restoring the ancient drama and music was first advocated at the meetings of a society of scholars and artists in Florence.

The names of Vincenzo Galilei, Caccini, Cavalieri, and Peri, have come down to us as associated with these feeble beginnings of the musical drama. As the result of their efforts they unfolded a new element in music, the modern *recitative*, out of which the *air* was gradually developed. It is true, the heavy and monotonous *recitative*, which the Florentine dilettanti had introduced, remained for a time a doubtful experiment; yet the love for dramatic representations helped to sustain the novelty until the advent of original masters, like Monteverde, Caressimi, and, above all, Alexander Scarlatti. Under their guidance the *recitative* grew more flexible and expressive; the dramatic action and lyric passion of the play were heightened by means of the orchestral accompaniment, and the true *arioso* style of singing was formed. Finally, the *air* sprang into life, and the era of beautiful and sensuous melody was fairly inaugurated.

During the eighteenth century the Italian Opera commanded the musical world. Scarlatti, Leo, Porpora, Hasse, Jommelli, Piccini, Paisiello, Lotti, Bononcini, and others, are the celebrated masters whose operas were then so popular, but now are hardly remembered

by name. In Germany, France, and England, the opera gained an early footing. The opera in France developed certain national characteristics of style which contributed in a considerable degree to the reform in this branch subsequently wrought by Gluck and Mozart. Under the malign influence of the *virtuosi* and *castrati* of the stage, whose trills and runs and freaks of character held the ear-entranced public in subjection, the Italian Opera had retrograded rather than advanced from the position occupied by Scarlatti, and the best of his school—the author and composer were sacrificed to the singer.

Gluck stood out against these abuses. He did not, however, improve the recitative and air, but led them back, rather, to the older and purer style. He would not give up anything to the sensuous charm of sweet melody, nor the technical display of the vocalist. He sought instead to place the recitative in the foreground, and render his music declamatory. This accounts for the success of his operas with the French public, who had been trained by the operas of Lully and Rameau to appreciate dramatic recitation as merely *clothed* by music.

Gluck was more a man of ideas and character than a musician. Many of his airs and choruses are noble in their simplicity, but too often lack the inspiration of a deep musical nature. Gluck gave the chorus a more prominent place in the opera, and was decidedly original in his treatment of the orchestra; to him may be traced some of the characteristic effects of modern orchestration. In dramatic music he divided the musical world into two parties, which Mozart through his universal genius reunited, but which has been sundered again in this generation by Wagner and his followers.

Mozart fully appreciated the Italians in music; but while he adopted their melodious style, and allowed the vocal art its full rights, he did not rob the opera of its dramatic action. Without depriving his music of its sensuousness and beauty, he was able to express the full force and truth of the diction, and define the clear cutlines of the characters of the play. His characters think feel and act in tones, and are as real to life as those of Shakespeare. Mozart is rightly considered as the universal master. This universality is not only evinced in his complete mastery of every form of music, from a song to a symphony, from a simple dance to a solemn requiem, but in the rare adaptation of the national peculiarities of style, Italian, French, and German, to his own individuality. It was his mission to unite harmoniously and beautify these national elements. In his immortal works, European music attained its concentration for the first and only time in history.

The influence of the opera upon church music soon led to the introduction of solo singing and instrumental accompaniment into sacred music, and in consequence the strict ecclesiastical style was greatly modified. In the course of the eighteenth century, Italian church music had wandered so far away from the chaste ideal of Palestrina, as to lose its sacred style almost wholly. In Germany it was different. The popular choral melodies of the Reformation were a precious heirloom to after generations. On this foundation were built up the great works of Handel and Bach. These masters, though they exercised their gifts in almost every noble form of musical composition, dedicated their genius especially to the pure and sublime themes of religion. Handel's forty operas are almost forgotten; his long career as a dramatic composer, however, served as an excellent school for his faculties, and his triumphs in the field of oratorio music were but the natural fruits of his previous discipline. Handel's strength of character and sincere faith rendered him fully worthy as a man, as well as an artist, to create such works as the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt."

These masterpieces are not mere lyric and dramatic works; they possess a grand objective and ideal character, comparable only to the greatest works of art; to the Greek drama or the romantic tragedies of Shakespeare.

Handel represents the Oratorio, which is not church nor secular music, but a union or compromise between these two styles. Bach represents the highest type and expression of modern church music. In his Cantatas and Passion music he has expressed more intensely and vividly than any other composer, a profound religious conviction. The *Passion to St. Matthew* has no rival in its special form. It is the most dramatic and vivid conception in art of the trial and death of Christ. Among hundreds of similar works, his is the only music that has lived.

[Continued.]

CHRIST'S TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY REV. C. H. ZIMMERMAN.

Could Christ have yielded to these temptations and fallen by them? The usual answer to this question is,

that it was possible for Him to sin, but morally certain that He would not. This is the only answer that can be made to harmonize with the Scripture representations of His character and mission, and the Evangelist's account of His temptation in the wilderness. The Scriptures declare in manifold forms of statement that He took upon Himself our nature, that He was a perfect man, as well as God. We know that free agency is one of the endowments of human nature. We are conscious that we are free, that we have the power of contrary choice; that on the presentation of good and evil we can choose the good and reject the evil, or *vice versa*.

But if it was not possible for Christ to sin, He had not this freedom of choice, and was not a free agent; and if not a free agent, then not a perfect man; and if not a perfect man, then He had no fitness to be a vicarious sacrifice and example for men. None but a free, complete man could offer himself a willing acceptable sacrifice for the sins of men; and "none but a free agent could be an example for a free agent."

Moreover, if the man Christ Jesus could not have sinned, then He could not be tempted. There can be no temptation where there is no possibility of falling into sin by enticements thereto. If a man cannot choose evil when solicited to do so, then it is plain that such solicitations are to him no trial of virtue, and no temptation. So if it was not possible for Christ to sin, these so-called temptations in the wilderness had no reality for Him. They were no temptations; and this account given of them by the Evangelists is altogether fictitious, not worthy of credit, or of a place in the sacred history. Rather than this, it is now generally conceded that this account of the temptation of Christ is the record of an actual event in His life. It is not a parable, not a myth, nor tradition, but a reality. The first Adam was truly tempted of the devil, and fell. Christ, the second Adam, was just as truly tempted by Satan, and gained the victory. This view is sustained by the Scripture statement, that He was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin, and that He suffered, being tempted, that He might leave an example that we should follow in His footsteps.

It was an important part of His mission to leave for imitation by mankind an example of a perfect manhood. It was necessary that the world should have a perfect model. Christ's power to influence men for good lay not so much in the excellence of his teaching, as in the beauty and perfection of His example. His precepts alone, though perfect, would have been insufficient to control men if they had not been enforced by His example. "What the world wants is not precept alone but a living perfect human example." And it is not merely the example of a sinless manhood that the soul longs for, but a manhood perfected through temptations, and struggles against sin and triumphs over it. This soul-want is fully met in the man Christ Jesus; because He possessed just such a nature as ours, "was tempted in all points like as we are," and was like us capable of sinning, but able also by His own free choice to resist sin. The model for man is man, a trusted, tried, and yet sinless man. Man must see humanity exalted by freely resisting temptation before he will struggle to rise. The world did not want a pattern of divine perfection, but an example of a perfect manhood. Hence God alone could not give man an example that would influence him. He must first become incarnate. The perfect divine nature in Christ could not be an example for men; but His perfect human nature could. We do not get our example of moral excellence through the temptations and triumphs of Christ's divinity, but through the temptations and triumphs of His humanity. Here at length is our model, humanity tempted, and yet humanity triumphant. Humanity alone are weak, struggling and battling against temptations to sin, "And yet without sin." This is the only model we could feel encouraged to try to imitate. But with this before us, every truth-seeking soul realizes with joy that it is possible for fallen sin-cursed humanity to triumph over sin.

Such an example is the more necessary because of the high standard of excellence set before the world in the precepts of Christ. Men's consciousness of their natural sinfulness, and of the difficulty of attaining the excellence required by the Gospel, would lead them to doubt and deny the possibility of such attainment, if there were no human example of it. For instance, in the absence of any example of it, all men would doubt the possibility of loving our enemies. But when they see in the man Christ Jesus the strongest possible evidence of love for His enemies, "In that while we were yet sinners He died for us," their doubts vanish, and they are convinced. So of all the virtues required of us which seem difficult of attainment; Christ stands before us a perfect human example, not only encouraging us

to follow in His footsteps, but also proving that it is possible for us to do so.

There is a widely prevalent belief that the humanity of Christ derived its power to resist sin from its union with Divinity. But the opinion is erroneous and very injurious. For if it is true, then Jesus had help in temptation which we cannot have, and therefore His example can be no encouragement to us. Men would be discouraged from trying to imitate excellence maintained by means not within their reach. We are not Divine; and it would be worse than useless to urge us to do and be what it was only possible for Divinity to do and be. We ought, therefore, to forever abandon the notion that the union of Christ's humanity with God kept it from sin. It was only by the same means that we may withstand temptation that Jesus was enabled to overcome, that is by his own free resistance aided by Divine grace obtained through humble reliance on God, and faith in His promises. And the inference is legitimate, that if He had not maintained that attitude of resistance to temptation and trust in God for victory over it, He would just as certainly have fallen into sin as we would by like neglect.

Men object to this as an admission that God could sin. But this objection arises from a false conception of the union of the two natures in Christ, namely, that the divine and human natures in Christ were inseparable; that what was divine in Him was at the same time human; and what was human in Him was also divine; so that neither nature could think or act without the consent and co-operation of the other. If this be true, then it was impossible for the man Christ Jesus to sin; for according to this theory, if He had sinned, the divine nature in Him would also have sinned; an impossible conclusion, for God cannot sin.

The true theory of Christ's theanthropy, is that the two natures in Him were separable, that His human nature could will, and think, and act, without the consent, co-operation, or responsibility of His divine nature. This being true, it was possible for His human nature to have sinned and fallen from its union with His divine nature without involving Divinity in its deflection. The fact is, the temptations in the wilderness had little or nothing to do with the divinity of Christ. It was not the time for the trial of his divinity. That was to come afterward in His sufferings in the garden and on the cross. Then was the time for the trial of the Godhead in Christ. Now was His manhood tested. It was the humanity of Christ that stood alone in the wilderness, leaning, it is true, as every Christian may, upon the Almighty arm for support; and yet with power by His own free choice to sin and fall from His union with God, or able, with the Divine aid, to resist temptation, and leave to mankind an example of a tried and sinless manhood.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR SIN.

Dr. Curry, in *The Christian Advocate*, has of late been publishing some very profound discussions on this important theme. These articles are generally considered to embody views hardly in harmony with the commonly received teachings of the Methodist pulpit. Indeed, he is reckoned by many as an out and out Augustinian. He says, for example, that "God holds men responsible for what they are in their moral characters as well as for their moral conduct." "The facts of the divine administration very clearly demonstrate that responsibility for moral conduct is not measured by the power, the voluntary ability of the agent." "It is not strange, not contrary to many things we know, that men should unconsciously, and without their own agency, be made the subjects of God's judicial disfavor." These few sentences will suffice to indicate Dr. Curry's position. They will sound strangely enough, I suppose, in Methodist ears, and I must confess that, as it seems to me, Dr. Curry occupies an unfortunate standpoint—that of observation rather than that of conscience. "Is it not better to learn from God's administration," says he, "what is His law, than to first frame our own theory of what he ought to do, and then declare that he must do it because it is right?" This adoption of the Baconian or inductive, rather than the intuitive method, in forming judgments of the absolute moral quality of character and conduct, has, at least in the Doctor's case, led, as the writer conceives, to confounding of the physical with the moral; of the providential with the strictly judicial in the government of God. We can form no idea, it seems to me, from God's present dealings with men, in this, by common consent, probationary scene; and where discipline is the chief object contemplated as to what His dealings will be with them hereafter, where absolute equity will have become the guiding principle; and yet, that there is very much to be said on Dr. Curry's side of this momentous theme, there can be no doubt; and that, moreover, there is a vast amount of flippancy and shallow-

ness dispensed from many of our pulpits on the subject of Sin and Responsibility, there is as little doubt.

One very strong text on which Dr. Curry relies, is the following: "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men." He calls attention to the fact that both the terms standing for sin here are passive, indicating character rather than conduct. He then defines the "wrath of God" to be in reality but "the judicial expression of God's eternal rectitude." Separating from our thought all idea of spitefulness, or selfish passion, the wrath of God is found to be that consuming sense of guilt arising from God's felt revelation of Himself against indwelling sin; in other words, against indwelling opposition to His holy law. Now, then, can any one deny that "God's eternal rectitude"—His purity, His holiness, is actually and always rampant against all corruption wherever found, however unconscious men may be of it, or however helpless they may lie under it? The moment a person really becomes conscious of inbred corruption, of depraved appetites, and vicious propensities, however blameless or helpless he may be, he nevertheless loathes, and his conscience condemns those appetites as evil. Meantime, let God, in all the purity, rectitude, and holiness of His character, reveal Himself in the conscience of that man, and will not the latter importunately cry out, "Mighty God, have mercy on me, and deliver me from this body of death." And this, too, utterly irrespective of the circumstances under which he came to be thus depraved. Conscience takes but little account of circumstances. What is your actual moral state? This is her question; and if you know, feel, and acknowledge it to be vile, she lashes you without mercy, and your only refuge is in God's mercy and the cleansing blood. You go to God, and you say, "No matter about how I came to be as I am, I won't attempt any weak defense of myself by pleading extenuating circumstances, inheritance, etc. The simple fact is, Lord, I am vile; that I am corrupt; that I am loathsome, and I want help. I want deliverance, I want to get out of this, and away from myself—I want power to become one of the sons of God." This is the cry of a really convicted sinner. You let a man who is thoroughly mean, low, and vile, be brought into the presence of a truly noble, high-minded man or woman, and if he has any sensibility left, how, as he thus becomes painfully sensible of his real character, will he loathe and despise himself. It will avail nothing for him to insist that he is not to blame for his meanness; that it is constitutional, that it is inherited. The fact is that, however he came by it, meanness is despicable, and the whole universe abhors it. Purity, whenever confronting it, like a sort of wrath from heaven, reveals herself against it in a way to condemn, to smite and scourge it. This is what I understand to be Dr. Curry's position in regard to sin in general. And it remains to be seen whether a faithful, profound interpretation of all the facts of experience, particularly of all the revelations of conscience, will not bear him out.

R. H. H.

LONDON.—Of all the cities of Europe, mighty London still leads the van; so wonderful a city the hand of man has never reared. Its population is almost equal to that of the whole State of New York! You can drive sixteen miles in a straight line upon any one of London's diameters. This summer it contained far more Americans than Paris. There were days when fifty of our countrymen were shut away from a single over-crowded hotel! In Hyde Park and Kensington Garden, Yankee faces abounded. The enthusiasm of good feeling towards us was never so strong in Great Britain before. If one of the Queen's "boys" were to marry a pretty, bright-witted Yankee girl, I really believe that she would be welcomed into Windsor Palace with a "universal three times three."—REV. T. L. CUYLER.

FAMILY WORSHIP.—A traveler says: "One of the most beautiful images that ever rose upon my imagination, was suggested to me by a chance delay for two days among the lakes and mountains of the Trossachs' Glen. I happened to make the inquiry, what became of villagers so suddenly disappearing at nightfall from the streets, and a sandy-haired Scotchman replied: 'Most of them would be at prayers about this time.' And I looked up into the far blue sky, and thought how fine a thing it would be to have a resting-place, high enough just to hear the murmur of voices as they read a verse about, and sung one of the old Psalms, before the impressive hush in which the father offered prayer. How grand would be the swell of sound, when a whole village was going on its knees before God."

It is to wine-drinking, says an examiner of musty records, that we owe the origin of the kiss. After Mincius caught his wife sucking his finest wines through the bung-hole of a barrel with a straw, the custom became general in Rome for the husbands to kiss the lips of their wives, that they might discover the quality of their good ladies' stolen libations; and Cato the elder recommends this plan to the serious attention of all careful heads of families.

The Family.

TOM'S THANKSGIVING.

"Pray, are you thankful?" Margaret asked.
"For all the blessings of your life?"
said Tom, "Ah! one thing yet I want—
The blessing of a loving wife;
And till I find that precious gift
I cannot give thanks quite sincere."
"Ah, wicked Tom!" the maiden sighed,
"Your case is hopeless, then, I fear!"
"Not so!" cried he; "if you, my friend,
Will only try to find for me
A maiden fair, whose heart is mine,
Devoutly thankful I shall be;
But she must have—well, let me think—
Eyes like your own, as soft and blue,
And hair as golden, lips as red—
In short, she must resemble you!"
"That which you ask," she answered then,
"I really dare not undertake."
"What!" answered Tom, "have you the heart
Thus a poor mortal to forsake?"
Low drooped her head before his gaze;
"O Tom," said she, "what shall I do?"
said Tom, "I think—indeed I'm sure—I could be thankful, dear—for you!"

—Harper's Weekly.

HEPSIBAH'S THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. G. J. ATWOOD.

Poor little Hepsy Brown! Although it was the night before Thanksgiving, and a very lovely night too, she felt anything but happy, and very little inclined, I fear, to give thanks for anything.

One would think that Hepsy had a great deal to make her happy and grateful. Grandmother Brown had been busy all day getting ready for the great family dinner party; and besides the long rows of flaky pies and plummy cakes—such as no one but grandmothers can make—and the two huge turkeys stuffed and trussed ready for baking, there stood on one especial shelf a row of ten little puffy pies for the ten little cousins. The inside of these pies was a profound mystery to Hepsy, as Grandmother Brown had locked the kitchen door during their concoction. So, besides other anticipations, which should have been delightful to a little girl twelve years old, there was a mystery to be unveiled.

Besides this, the dear little pale-faced mother had been busy up-stairs for two days, all for Hepsy, too; and to-night, the last stitch had been taken, the last basting thread pulled, and a bright blue plaid dress, with dainty crimped ruffles in the neck and sleeves, hung in the wardrobe, and a pair of bronze boots, real bronze button boots, lay on the closet shelf.

So why should little Hepsy sit by the grate with her head on her hands, and such a sorrowful look on her face?

Only a year ago,—Hepsy was thinking, as she looked in the bright coal fire,—only one little year ago she had a strong, handsome father to keep Thanksgiving with her. How well she remembered how he pulled the wish-bone with her, and cracked nuts, and told fortunes, and finally how they finished the day with such a royal romp that they broke one of mamma's vases; then how papa caught her in his arms and ran up stairs, pretending that some dreadful punishment was coming.

It was only a little while after that her father had gone abroad on business. At first there were letters for mamma, with sometimes a little one for Hepsy, Such jolly, happy letters, full of mysterious hints about huge French dolls, boxes of dainty bon-bons, and little No. 5 kid gloves, that might come home to somebody, if somebody were very good. Then there came the happiest one of all, saying that he would sail in a certain steamer, and that mamma and Hepsy must come to New York to meet him.

Hepsy remembered very well the ride to the city with her mother, that ride so full of pleasant anticipations, commenced so joyfully, ended so very wretchedly; for though the steamer came there was no papa upon it. They waited another week for the next one; still no papa. Then they wrote to the last address, then to the business firm; but all they could discover was that he had bidden them good-by in excellent health and spirits, and since that day nothing had been known of him.

Then they had locked up the dear little home, and come up among the hills to Grandfather's. And though the little mother never gave up all hope, and said, often and often; "I know he will come back to us, Hepsy dear; I feel sure the dear God has not taken him from us!"—still the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick paled the sweet face, and brought white hairs among the waving brown locks. So sometimes, Hepsy feared that God was going to take her mother, too, and leave her alone in the world.

Do you wonder now that Hepsy's face was so sorrowful, or that when she crept away to bed her little pillow was wet with her tears?

But you know, though "sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." So, when Hepsy opened her eyes Thanksgiving morning, and saw the sun gleaming through the frost-pictures on the windows, her heart bounded with the natural joy of childhood, and all the dismal forebodings of the night before passed away.

"I feel so happy, mamma," she said, as she was dressing for church. "I feel so sure that something beautiful will happen to-day; perhaps Uncle Tom will bring us a letter from papa."

"Perhaps so, my darling," she answered, with a smile and a smothered sigh.

It was such a pleasant ride to church! Grandfather always drove his own horses, and Hepsy always sat by him. To-day, after many furtive looks at the back

seat, to be sure that her mother wasn't noticing, Grandfather Brown put the reins in Hepsy's hands, and she drove into the church-yard in grand style; her cheeks as pink as blush-roses, and her blue feather waving triumphantly. It was all the grander because Uncle Tom's little Tom stood on the church steps watching her with envious eyes.

"Never you mind, Miss Hep," he whispered, with a sly pinch, as she prepared to sail by him, "I'm a-going home with Gran'pa Brown; and what'll you bet he don't let me drive all the way?"

"I don't bet on the church steps, child!" she answered with a dignified air, which was entirely wasted on young Tom.

Church was a very pleasant place to Hepsy that day. The huge square pew was filled with relatives, and the innumerable little cousins were distributed in the neighboring seats.

"How perfectly happy I should be," thought Hepsy, "if paper were only here."

But all the other pleasures of the day sank into insignificance compared with Grandmother's royal dinner.

When the huge turkeys had been reduced to skeletons, and the mince-pies and plum pudding had vanished, Grandmother seated the ten little cousins side by side, and placed a little pie before each one.

Tom was the first one to open his, and beneath the puffy upper crust he found a huge jack-knife with countless blades, and three bright gold dollars. Hepsy came next, and her heart was made glad with a bottle of "Lubin's Violet," and a fine embroidered handkerchief.

It had long been a custom of Grandfather Brown's to gather the children and grandchildren around him just before they were ready to go home, and ask each one in turn what they had to be thankful for.

"I thank God for our children!" said Grandmother, and the tears started to her eyes as she thought of one who had been there a year ago.

"O, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever!" said the little mother, with a strange flush upon her cheeks, and intense feeling in her voice.

"What do you thank Him for, daughter?" said Grandfather, turning tenderly to Hepsy.

She burst into tears, exclaiming: "O! Grandpa, I want my father; I can't thank Him until he gives him back to me!"

"Hepsy, Hepsy?" said Uncle Tom, pointing to the door he had just entered. "Look there, Hepsy!"

Hepsy turned her head, and with one scream and bound she was across the room with her arms around her father's neck. Pale, thin, and haggard, to be sure, but father for all that.

What an excitement there was then.

How he had been stricken with sudden sickness at Liverpool, and had been delirious for a long time, so that he could give the good Samaritans who took care of him no sort of clue to his friends; and how he had written home during his convalescence letters which by some strange fortune had never come; and how he had finally been enabled to attempt the journey home, and had telegraphed from New York to Uncle Tom that he would be here this evening.

"What are you thankful for now, little girl?" asked Grandfather as Hepsy came to bid him good-night, long after her unusual bed-time.

"Give thanks unto the Lord," repeated Hepsy, in a low voice, "for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever!" —Christian Union.

BLACK FANNY AND HER CHARGE.

BY MRS. D. SHERMAN.

CHAPTER X. RURAL LIFE.

The wheel of time was still rolling on, and Lilly somewhat older grown, had become reflective, and disposed to seriousness. She too had learned of Him

"By whom we come to God,
The light, the truth, the way,"

and in secret places she often sought the mercy-seat, and there did she lift her hands and tearful eyes to God, that He would forgive her sins, and save her from "the wrath to come."

At evening, on retiring to her lonely chamber, where she could hear every raindrop as it pattered upon the roof, she would commit herself to the watchcare of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, then listening to the song of the whippoorwill, and the cricket, she would fall asleep.

Again awakened sometimes perhaps at midnight, while all abroad seemed overspread with the blackness of darkness, and she drenched with perspiration, trembling with fear, as

"The rain fell in torrents,
And the thunder rolled deep,"

would again seek the protection of her heavenly Father. Praying earnestly that she might hide under the "shadow of His wings," she felt safe, and learned in her experience—child though she was—that she subsequently learned from the sacred Word, that "The Lord is strong tower," and "His children shall have a place of refuge." And "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about His people."

CHAPTER XI.

GRANDMA'S TALES.

Various were the means used to interest the mind of Lilly, and to divert her in her hours of loneliness. On

one occasion she was taken out to the battle-ground of the wolves, and was shown where those fearful creatures, with the bears, once roamed at large over the highlands, the lowlands, the forests, and glens, and held undisputed sway as monarchs of all. And here many a bloody battle had been fought by those infuriated beasts. Here, too, had the lawless monsters held high carnival with the domestic animals of the farmer.

Wonderful were the tales, "All of the olden time," rehearsed to her by the grandmothers, who, in their turn, had received them from their ancestors, and wonderful were the pictures painted upon her childish imagination by these rehearsals. She was told of flocks and herds which had fallen victims to the rapacity of the wolves, and that the laboring man, after a long and wearisome search for his herds, often found nothing remaining but their skeletons; and how many a little favorite, left in the early morning, after waiting the long summer day for the return of its mother from the green pastures, with a full supply of fresh new milk, must go supperless; and while pinched with hunger, its piteous bleatings almost made one's heart bleed in sympathy with the little sufferer.

Still more fearful to her was the recital of the ravages committed around the dwellings of the inhabitants, and of the constant fear suffered by them while at evening, shut in by bars and bolts, they could often hear the howlings of the ferocious, angry creatures, as they seemed engaged in hostile combat, gnashing upon each other with their teeth, like the demons of the lower regions.

Such were some of the tales which, while they served to lighten the *Te Deum* of the long winter evenings, also brought down to her some scraps of the early history of New England, and of the trials of the first settlers.

CHAPTER XII.

Near the house where she lived was an extensive meadow, through which a noble river wound its way along, between grassy banks and overhanging willows.

Thither she often resorted, and amused herself in watching the little fishes as they glided through its transparent waters; in laying her feet in the cooling stream, or gathering the shining pebbles on its bank.

While there one day, having been long absent, she heard a familiar voice calling her name. She hastened to the house, and on entering she observed a stranger who accosted her as an acquaintance. "Lilly, do you not know me?" said he. In her native timidity she shrank back, giving no signs of recognition. Again he repeated: "Lilly, do you not know your father?" at the same time extending his hand he drew her near him.

The next moment she was seated upon his knee, and began to think it was indeed her father, though faint were her recollections, while it was painful to him to find himself so nearly forgotten by his child.

Closely did she cling to him during his stay; she was delighted with the books and toys he had brought her, and they were stored away among her treasures, with the testimonials received from her teacher, which had been brought forward for her father's inspection.

But the short time allotted him was soon over, and again he must go. After he had taken his leave, she stood at the window, and following him with her eyes, until he reached the turn of the road, and there disappearing, she strained her vision to catch another glimpse, but in vain; he was gone!

Following, soon after, she crossed the bridge, at the end of which was the junction of the road, where she last saw his receding form. Here she found his footprints imbedded in the soil, which had been washed by a recent shower of rain. Gazing for a moment at the footmarks, and while the teardrops were swelling in her eyes, she realized that those were all that remained to her of her father.

Seating herself upon the bank of the river, as did the Jews, when carried away captive into Babylon, so did she weep when she remembered her once happy home, her dear friends, and loved ones of the family circle; and for her father, too, she wept, because—for a season, at the least, she should see his face no more.

After giving vent to her feelings for a season, in excessive weeping, she strove to suppress her emotions. Washing her face in the river, lest the marks of tears should betray her grief, she returned to the house.

And why was she so sad? Did "coming events" in the mind of such a child, "cast their shadows before?" Very little, only, after this, was she ever permitted to enjoy the society of her father.

CHAPTER XIII.

Returning to the stage-office, Mr. Reynolds was soon after seated within the coach, and borne far away to visit the other members of his scattered family.

Returning from a distant city, where he had been in the pursuit of business, he had turned aside from the direct course, for the purpose of visiting Lilly. And he came with a heart overburdened with sorrow and disappointment. Having made many unsuccessful efforts to procure business, he had begun to fear that all his plans were to be frustrated, and that he should never realize his anticipations. With no capital, it seemed impossible for him to procure a situation that would yield a support. Until now he had been sustained by the hope of once more enjoying the society of his family and of gathering them in the home circle around the social board. But that day never again dawned on him!

Having failed in one effort, he had resorted to another, again renewing his attempts to be again disappointed, until, at last, he had relinquished all hope of success. Leaving the city, as before stated, he was now returning to his family. Dispirited by his repeated failures, and by such multiplied reverses, he yielded to sadness and depression, and with failing health, a natural consequence, he found an asylum with his friends, there to spend the remnant of his days; and although he lingered yet some years longer, he never rallied, nor did he ever recover his wonted cheerfulness again.

Lower and lower he sank, slowly, but no less surely, until finally attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, a few more days of suffering were measured out, the end was reached, and the "weary wheels of life stood still."

Though his had been a life of adversity and misfortune, yet no less was he esteemed and lamented, and his children realized that in his death, they had lost a kind, indulgent, loving father.

HOW TO TREAT STRANGERS.

A Sunday-school missionary in the West, while addressing a Sunday school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sun-burned face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small brown fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and, taking her by the hand, led her toward a brook, seated her on a log, and, kneeling beside her, she took off her ragged sun-bonnet, and, dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said, —

"Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes, "I have no sister, sir."

"O! one of the neighbor's children," replied the missionary — "a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir, she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

BATTING THE BESETTING SINS.

Paul laid no claim to perfection. He knew himself too well for that. He claimed no immunity from danger on account of his position as an apostle. He was a man of "like passions" with his fellow-men. And so are all the ministers of Jesus Christ. The same clamorous lusts that have stricken down Christians of high position at the bar, and in the Senate-chamber, and in the counting-room, have also left their victims disgraced at the foot of the pulpit-stairs. A lecherous eye will as soon ruin the character of a saint as of a sinner. A glass of strong drink will make a Christian drunk just as soon as the lowest tippler of the dram-shop. Many of the best people now living in the Church of Jesus Christ are those who have daily battles to fight with sensual appetites and with "sins that most easily beset them." We are fearfully and wonderfully made. The combination of body and spirit in all of us is such that each one reacts upon the other in a way that is most direct, and yet most mysterious. The "flesh" is constantly stealing silent marches upon the "spirit." Vigilance is the price of life! The Christian who "lets up" in his watch even for a day may be ruined. The only safeguard with many is to keep away absolutely from all sight and hearing of dangerous temptations. It is not every Christian who can be trusted to go into certain social circles, or even to walk through certain streets in our great cities. Their "besetting sin" lurks there.

Paul had his besetting sins. Each one of us has "constitutional" tendencies to sin that must be fought as the boxer fights his antagonist. And our besetting sin is the one that jumps with our inclinations. The man with a craving appetite is the one who is in danger of gluttony. Many people are so constituted that they cannot tamper safely with a single glass of stimulant. Ardent temperaments may be the most useful and most enjoyable, but they are also the most dangerous. Who knows how much of Paul's peril came from this quarter?

If a man is naturally slothful, he always interprets Providence in favor of taking his own ease, and doing as little as he can. If a man is self-seeking and ambi-

tious, he likes to flatter himself that he is working for God, when he is only working for human applause. Selfishness is a devil that wears a hundred disguises; and often looks as white and clean as an "angel of light."

The battle with besetting sins is the battle that never ends this side of heaven's gate. And no Christian is safe unless he is continually collaring every evil passion of his nature and forcing it down into submission. To do this he needs the "whole armor." Nor can he gain a single success without the grace of God. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory!" — Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

It is an encouragement to us in doing our work, if we can feel that God will support us in it and deliver us when in danger. He is a Helper and Deliverer. But it shows even more of faith when we can go on in the way of duty without making the deliverance a condition. When the three Hebrew children were required to worship the golden image set up by the king, upon pain of being cast into the burning fiery furnace, they told him their God was able to deliver them out of his hand, and that they believed He would do it. "But if not," they continued — "but if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Their great strength was shown in the "but if not" — their determination to do right, even if God, who does all things well, would suffer them to be cast into a burning fiery furnace. O, for such wonderful faith! — *United Presbyterian.*

"IS YOUR SOUL INSURED?" — Wife! said a husband one day, I have the house insured, the furniture insured, and above all, I have my life insured — when I die you will not be in want for anything."

Doubtless his wife gave him a kiss for that, but his little son who was sitting on his father's knee, looked up into his face and said:

"Father, have you insured your soul?"

This struck a tender cord of that father's heart, and from that time he became a new man.

Have you, dear reader, insured your soul? Think of that beautiful answer the Saviour gave the dying thief, who asked to be forgiven, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise" — and insure your soul! — *Sunday-school Light.*

BEREAN LESSON FOR DEC. 1. — Golden Text: "He kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God." — Daniel vi. 4-10.

No law of man must come between the soul and its God.

Our Book Table.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN. Selections from the Writings, Pulpit Utterances, and Lectures of Rev. W. H. Murray, Pastor of Park Street Church, Boston. Published by Lee & Shepard. For sale only by subscription. The volume appropriately bearing such a title might seem immodest, coming from the hands of its author; but it is not the work of Mr. Murray. A warm friend and admirer, at first noting down the striking sentences of the brilliant preacher of Park Street for his personal benefit, found them to be of such general interest and excellence that he deemed it to be his duty to invite the reading public to the same intellectual and spiritual repast with himself. Mr. Murray is neither responsible for the publication of the volume, nor for its execution. He merely vouches for its correctness, and endorses it as the authentic utterances of his lips. It forms a large octavo, and is very handsomely published in clear type, on heavy paper. It contains the most marked and original passages from hundreds of the discourses of the eloquent and fervent preacher, and will find a more ready welcome with ordinary readers than even full sermons. Every reader will find in the volume ample reason to account for the popularity and power of this vigorous young minister. He throngs his church on the Sabbath; and in this volume he will preach to a larger audience — words of hope, comfort, and warning.

CATES AND WOODWARD'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DATES. One thick volume of 1,496 pages, medium 8vo. (nearly 3,000 columns, breviary). Price, cloth, \$15; sheep, \$18; half calf. Historical and Biographical. Comprising the Dates of all the Great Events of History, including Treaties, Alliances, Wars, Battles, etc.; Incidents in the Lives of Eminent Men, and their Works; Scientific and Geographical Discoveries; Mechanical Inventions; and Social, Domestic, and Economical Improvements. By B. B. Woodward, B. A., late Librarian to the Queen, and W. L. R. Cates, Editor of "The Dictionary of General Biography." Boston and New York: Lee & Shepard. The London Times, of June 20, 1872, says of this very valuable work: —

"We have biographical dictionaries enough, and to spare. There is no lack of gazetteers and topographical books; but hitherto the ground which this work aspires to fill has been to a great extent unoccupied. It is a book of universal reference on chronology, and contains within the compass of some 1,500 pages a brief epitome of those events which mark the rise, progress, decline, and fall of states, and the changes in the fortunes of nations. Hence it not only records the leading events and incidents in the lives of public characters at home and abroad in all ages of the world, but gives us brief entries of wars, battles, sieges, alliances, treaties of peace, geographical discoveries, the settlement of colonies and their subsequent fortunes; in a word, of all such occurrences as are of general historic interest. The biographical records are necessarily brief; but they generally contrive to give us the principal events of great men's lives, chronologically arranged; and where these men happened to be authors as well, we are supplied with a short list of their principal works. Some of the articles, notably those on Ireland, the Irish Church, Rome, Germany, Paris, the Jews, Wellington, Napoleon, etc., extend over a column or more; but in these cases the information given, instead of being 'massed,' and run on, is broken up into several paragraphs, each carefully arranged in chronological order. The same principle is followed up by distributing

long articles, where that is possible, under several heads — a process which greatly facilitates the work of reference. It only remains to add that the book is characterized by the most scrupulous care in its minutest details. Thus, for instance, where there is any doubt as to dates of time and place, both accounts are given, with references at the foot to those writers on whose authority they respectively rest. This plan, it is obvious to remark, is the only one which can furnish the student with the means of comparing and estimating the value of conflicting statements; and the names of the authorities there cited will serve to indicate the general trustworthiness of other statements, which are accompanied by no list of such authorities. The book itself — the product of nearly twenty years of brain-work — is wonderfully exact and complete."

THE ANTHEM CHOIR, by W. A. Ogden, author of "The Silver Song." The publisher says: "There seems to be a general want of good, suitable anthems, choruses, etc., adapted to the wants of choirs and conventions. We desire to call attention to the following superior qualities of 'The Anthem Choir,' namely: The originality of the work; the large number of contributions from the most experienced and best anthem writers in this country; to the variety of style and composition; the beauty and finish of the melodies and harmonies; the vigor, animation, sacred and devotional character of the anthems, and the superiority of the binding — being of the most durable kind, SEWED, not stabbed; also, the clear, distinct type, fine quality of the paper on which it is printed, and the excellent finish of the book throughout." A short examination gives us a very favorable opinion of this work. Published by W. W. Whitney, 111 Summit Street, Toledo, O.

THE MINISTRY OF SONG. By Frances Ridley Havergal. New York: DeWitt C. Lent & Co. This is a beautifully published miniature volume of poems, chiefly sacred, of charming simplicity, and of considerable power. Her father, late an Episcopal clergyman, was the author of many hymns. The "ministry of song" survives him in the genius of his daughter. The English edition of these poems was received with very flattering notices by the press, and by well-known British writers. Many of the poems seem well to deserve these strong commendations. It will be a choice companion of hours of meditation and private devotion.

ALMANACS. "Nast's" is early on hand, with his sidesplitting illustrations, published by Harper & Brothers. The American Tract Society, of Boston, publishes its annual under the title — "The New Year. The National Family Almanac, 1873." It is a beautiful quarto, crowded with fine illustrations. Last, but not least popular, we have the well-known and always welcome "Old Farmer's Almanac," by Robert B. Thomas," published by Brewster & Tilton, Boston.

Professor Walter Smith, State Director of Art Education in Massachusetts, is the author of the AMERICAN DRAWING SERIES, specimens of which have reached us through Noyes, Holmes & Co., publishers. It comprises drawing books, slates and cards, with a teacher's companion; the latter designed to render aid in instruction. The method followed is simple and systematic. The pupil is first taught the mastery of straight lines; then of curves; and by easy stages, of their various combinations. The general adoption of the series would tend to simplify art education, and place its first principles within the reach of the youngest students.

John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, have in press, and will shortly publish, POTTER'S COMPLETE BIBLICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA; A Universal Dictionary of Biblical, Ecclesiastical, and Historical Information, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Rev. William Blackwood, D. D., LL. D., author of "Blackwood's Comprehensive Aids to the Study of the Holy Bible," etc., etc., with valuable contributions by other eminent divines. Comprised in about two thousand brevier pages, quarto, with nearly three thousand illustrative engravings.

The October number of *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register and Antiquarian Journal* contains an interesting biographical sketch, with a steel cut, of the late Hon. John Alfred Poor, of Portland, Me., an able article upon "Our English Ancestors," and the usual genealogical miscellany. This quarterly is deservedly a favorite with a large class of thoughtful readers, who find no ordinary gratification in brushing the accumulated dust of years away from the fading memorials of another and heroic age. Our friend, just bereaved of his honored father, A. H. Hoyt, esq., is the editor of this quarterly, and his excellent taste and facile pen are manifest in its pages.

The October number of *The Contemporary Review* contains: "Is God Unknowable?" by Father Dalgairns; "Ethics of Ritual," by the Rev. J. B. Mayor; "Reminiscences of Rome during the Vatican Council," by M. C. O'Connor Morris; "Huxleyism," by W. T. Thornton; "The Special Beauty Conferred by Imperfection and Decay," by W. R. Greg; "Dean Stanley and the Scotch Moderates," by Principal Tulloch; "At Canterbury Cathedral Five Hundred Years Ago," by the Rev. J. M. Capes; "On Mind and Will in Nature," by Dr. W. B. Carpenter; "On Prayer," by Professor Tyndall. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Lippincott's Magazine for December contains "Searching for the Quinine Plant in Peru," "Oriental Sports," "Matins," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "The Chapel of the Palms," "Colima," "Her Story," "A Day or Two in Southside Virginia," "Private Art Collections of Philadelphia," "Land-owners in England," "Our Monthly Gossip," and other interesting papers.

Good Words for the Young. A new volume and new series of this magazine begins with the November part. To mark the important changes and improvements which are introduced, the title is changed from the somewhat cumbersome *Good Words for the Young* to the simpler and pithier *Good Things*, with Mr. George McDonald for editor, Mr. Arthur and others for illustrators, and the very best writers for the young contributors.

The Atlantic for December finishes Dr. Holmes's brilliant series of papers. The other papers are fresh and readable.

The Nursery for December is a lovely gem for lovely gems. It improves monthly. John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield Street, is the publisher.

Free to 1873.

— AND —

A Splendid Steel Engraving of Our Bishops,

to each new subscriber for ZION'S HERALD. On the receipt of \$2.50, the paper will be dated January 1, 1874. Also, a copy of the engraving will be given to each old subscriber who renews his subscription for the year 1873, by the payment of \$2.50.

All who have not paid for their paper to January 1, 1873, must pay arrearages before they can avail themselves of this offer. This engraving, which is worth nearly the price of the paper, contains the portraits of the thirteen living Bishops, every likeness perfect.

The editor of the *Methodist Home Journal* speaks of it as follows: "We have now before us, from the Boston publishers, a superb work of art, which we apprehend will command the unqualified admiration and approval of all who see it. From accurate photographs, Mr. F. T. Stuart has given the likenesses of all the Bishops, with great delicacy of finish, and rare beauty of design; the price of the plate, which is 20 by 24 in size, is but \$1.50. We shall have our copy suitably framed and placed where it should be, on the walls of our 'best room.' Let our readers do likewise."

This engraving is now ready for delivery, and will be sent by mail, postage paid, to all who desire it on the conditions named.

Encouraging reports come to us from many of our preachers who have presented our offer to their people. The campaign has commenced well, and we hope every friend of the HERALD will "lend a helping hand." We earnestly hope that every reader of ZION'S HERALD will show the paper to his neighbor who does not take it, and that every pastor will see that his charge is canvassed at once. Specimen copies free.

A. S. WEED, Publishing Agent,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

THE HERALD.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 28, 1872.

THE TEMPTATION OF THE HOUR.

Our men of business have received a severe rebuff; some of them have lost their entire capital, and others find themselves unable to meet their obligations. It will be a considerable period before many of them will be fairly started again in remunerative business. A large number of those who were not immediately affected by the fire have lost their insurance, and are required to advance a large sum to renew their policies. Many whose property has been invested in insurance stocks, find all their resources valueless, through the failure of their companies. But many of those who have not been materially affected, have received a serious shock, and fear that in some way they may yet be brought into personal sympathy with the great loss which has occurred. The prevailing feeling of the hour is that special economy will be required to meet the actual or possible necessities of the time.

Where men whose income has not been materially reduced, deny themselves of their accustomed gratifications, that they may aid others upon whom has fallen the weight of the great burden which has come upon the city, or that they may compensate the loss of many subscriptions of generous men whose ability to give has been limited by greatly enlarging their own gifts, no one can fail to admire their self-abnegation and noble spirit of sacrifice. But the natural tendency of such a calamity, until corrected by the "sober, second thought," or by the grace of Him, who, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor," will be to induce men to hold more tenaciously upon their worldly substance. They will be tempted to cut off all needless expenditures, not so much to enable them to bestow more in charity, as to fortify themselves, as far as possible, against these terrible contingencies. The positive losses of others will be made the occasion, on the part of some who have at present escaped, to limit even their usual subscriptions to the great moral and charitable enterprises of the day. Because it is a trying hour in the business world, and the prospect of any rapid accumulation for the present is small, they will withhold their gratuities, and seek to hush the protestations of conscience, and the voice of God's Spirit and providence, by excuses which every manly instinct, not to speak of Christian obligation, ought at once to repel.

It is not for one man to judge another. There are claimants upon individual charity known only to the person himself. It is easier for us all to apprehend the duty of another more clearly than our own. Our obliga-

tion to bear a portion of the burdens of society, to aid our suffering fellow-men, and to sustain the great Christian movements of the day, is not enforced by law; it does not find its highest sanctions or records in the opinions and utterances of men, but grows out of our relation to a common Father and Saviour, and finds its reward in His approval, and the corresponding responses of our own consciences.

Such losses as we have lately met with are significant in this respect. They show us how much we can actually part with, and yet live easily and comfortably. Hundreds have lost from one to five hundred thousand dollars, and yet will not be obliged to deprive themselves or their families of anything necessary to their well-being, or even wholesome gratification. Some luxury may possibly be sacrificed, a tour may be postponed, and the next summer expenses at watering-places be limited; but all the substantial elements of domestic and social life will be easily comprehended, even within the abbreviated income of resources still remaining. Now these persons would have been astonished if any one had asked for one half of the lost sum for some worthy charity—a church, a school, a college, or for the grand work of bestowing a Christian civilization upon the benighted nations of the earth. Rather, however, than have the amount burned up, in the necessity of a choice between the two, how readily these men would have elected the former. How much more comfort would come from the sight of a permanent fund or monument consecrated to the highest benefits of our fellow-men, than the contemplation of the smoking ruins of a hardly-earned fortune. What we wisely bestow, we positively save. We have been taught by a severe teacher how much we can actually spare and be happy. Will it not be the part of Christian wisdom to cheerfully learn this lesson? and whether we have been personal sufferers, or only thoughtful observers, shall we not rather yield to the persuasions of duty, than suffer the unavailing regrets arising out of lost opportunities?

As we recover our composure after the excitement of the calamity dies away, let us resolutely face our duty to God, as well as bravely meet the struggles incident to the losses we have met. If we have suffered severely, let us consecrate a fair proportion of our smaller income to our Heavenly Father, for the greater mercies of health, strength, opportunity, and His assisting Providence which still remain to us. If we have not seriously suffered in person, we are under special obligation to raise a stone of remembrance in some form of Christian consecration, and to inscribe upon it, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." The institutions of Christian learning, whose funds have been affected by the fire, the churches whose erection will be delayed, and the religious enterprises, like the home and foreign missionary societies, just at this moment offer themselves as providential altars upon which wealth, or even penury, saved from the flames, may be bestowed as a thank-offering unto God.

EUROPEAN NOTES.

The latest declaration of war of the Church on the State comes from the famous old town of Fulda, where the German bishops are in the habit of assembling, to concentrate their forces, and lay their plans. They have just issued a counterblast against the various German governments in the form of a comprehensive memorial concerning the conflict between the Catholic Church and the State, which has already been presented to these powers. It is understood to proceed from the pen of Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence, who leads the vanguard of the rebels, and who is well known in Germany to wield the most trenchant pen in these bitter controversies. With all its arrogance and boldness, it at least affords one consolation to German statesmen, who would rather see and meet a frank and open rebellion than a hypocritical submission and apparent yielding, which might confuse and lengthen the contest. The bishops certainly do not for the moment consider their cause in danger, for with the most stubborn decision they still insist on their claims, and demand as an incontestable right what the State and the public conscience in a period of weakness and indifference granted them, and which has been developed without check or rein. In no official document have the office-bearers of the Church ever been more bold in counseling their followers to take up arms against the State, a measure for which the latter is doubtless duly grateful.

Among the crowd of October "convocations" held throughout Germany in regard to almost every question of ecclesiastical, political, or social interest, we notice with special pleasure that held in the old town of Eisenach, of Lutheran memory. It was a "Social Congress," with the worst features of socialism left out, and an active protest alike against the excesses of organi-

zation which would reduce the social position of man to a cast-iron organization on the one hand, or on the other allow all social problems to regulate themselves without any concerted or organized efforts to shape them for the general welfare. It was an active protest against the so-called "Social Democracy" which seems quite suddenly to have fallen into considerable dispute, and which is just now confused with its own folly. The unfortunate internal squabbles among the "Internationals" at the Hague and in London, seem to have weakened their hold on their followers, and their disintegration into hostile camps has quite paralyzed them. It was, therefore, possible this time to hold a Social Congress without being annoyed by them, and under the shield of men of the broadest and most liberal views representing the most diverse, social, and political phases. The result was a thorough and intelligent discussion of many civil and politico-economical questions in a style that savored of good common sense, whether the views brought forward were sound or not. It is at least an advance to have a German social science meeting characterized by this trait.

The Mayor of Adelaide, in Australia, has just exchanged congratulations by telegraph with the Mayor of the city of New York, and thus the five divisions of the earth are closely connected with each other, not even distant Australia being left out in the cold. Within the short space of forty years enough telegraphic lines have been laid to encircle the earth more than twelve times. Several lines connect America with Europe, and still we hear of a plan to lay another Cable from Portugal via the Azores to Brazil, so that we shall probably soon have no less than four submarine wires from Europe to America. The connection with Asia is now so perfect that nearly every important port and seat of trade is allied with the chief cities of Europe, and so with our American emporiums. One line which of itself is equal in length to two thirds of the circumference of the earth, extends from European Russia through the whole length of Siberia to the mouth of the Amoor River, and the extremest east of the Russian dominions. Two lines lead to India—the oldest overland to Constantinople through Asia Minor to the mouth of the Euphrates, and through the Persian Gulf; and this line meets now the competition of another from Southern Russia through the Caucasus and Persia, to the Persian Gulf. And finally a sub-oceanic line runs from Suez through the Red Sea to Aden, and thence across the Indian Ocean to India, whence the wire wends its way along the entire Asiatic coast, taking in by the way Singapore, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai, and connecting all these important marts of commerce with the other emporiums of the world. Even the marvelous land of Japan is now through these in direct communication via Nagasaki and Yedo, with the capitals of the civilized world.

Africa has long been attached to Europe by numerous lines through the Mediterranean from Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and Alexandria, so that the continent of Australia has been for a short period the only land without the limits of this charmed circle. This gap has just been filled by the energy of an English company, which has laid a line from Singapore on the southern point of the peninsula of farther India, to Batavia in Java, and thence over the small Sunda islands to the city of Kupang, on the island of Timor, and from this point over to Port Darwin, on the northern coast of Australia, and thence straight across the Australian continent to the city of Adelaide in the south, whose chief executive officer now sends his compliments by lightning to our own shores. The significance of this last link in the chain can scarcely be overestimated for the cause of civilization and commerce, to say nothing of the interests of Christianity. Australia, and all the neighboring islands are being developed with marvelous rapidity, and many of these which a few years ago were known as the Cannibal Islands will soon be the centres of Christian civilization.

"THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT."

Rev. Wm. McDonald writes us: In the HERALD of October 24, we find, under the above caption, an editorial, in which appears this remarkable passage: "We will not dispute any who affirm that the Spirit has testified to their own souls of their entire sanctification. But we understand none of these things by 'the witness of the Spirit,' as taught by the apostle, and interpreted by Methodism. The point specially testified to, is that of sonship to God," etc.

We cannot understand how a person, claiming to be informed, can so speak of the teachings of our Church. Where in all the acknowledged standards of Methodism is the direct witness of the Spirit to our sanctification denied? It is not only not denied, but directly affirmed. The writer very justly remarks, that "no man has

written more clearly upon this subject than Mr. Wesley, with whom it was an important doctrine." And yet, according to this writer, the witness of the Spirit to our entire sanctification is not taught by Methodism. Let us hear what Mr. Wesley does say upon this subject:

"*Question.* How do you know that you are sanctified, — saved from your wicked corruption?"

"*Answer.* I can know it no otherwise than I know that I am justified." Hereby know we that we are of God, in either sense, "by the Spirit that He hath given us."

"We know it by the *witness*, and by the fruit of the Spirit." "And, first, by the witness. As when we were justified the Spirit bore witness with our spirit that our sins were forgiven, so when we were sanctified he bore witness that they were taken away." "Yet, in general, the latter testimony of the Spirit is both as clear and as steady as the former."

Mr. Wesley then proceeds to argue the question of the necessity of such a witness, saying, "Were it not for this, the soul could not abide in the love of God; much less could it rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks. In these circumstances, therefore, a direct testimony that we are sanctified is necessary in the highest degree."

He states further, "that there is absolute need of that witness, without which the work of sanctification not only could not be discerned, but could no longer subsist." — *Works*, Vol. vi., p. 516.

There is a little difference of opinion between the HERALD and Mr. Wesley, as to the Apostle's teaching. Hear Mr. Wesley: —

"*Question.* But what Scriptures make mention of any such thing, or give any reason to expect it?"

"*Answer.* That Scripture, 'We have received, not the spirit that is of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we may know the things which are freely given us of God.'"

"Now surely sanctification is one of 'the things which are freely given us of God.' And no possible reason can be assigned why this should be excepted, when the apostle says, 'we receive the Spirit for this very end, that we may know the things which are thus freely given us.'

"Is not the same thing implied in that well-known Scripture, 'The Spirit itself witnesseth with our spirit, that we are the children of God.' Does He witness this only to those who are children of God in the lowest sense? Nay, but to those also who are such in the highest sense. And does he not witness that they are such in the highest sense? What reason have we to doubt it?

"What, if a man were to affirm, as many indeed do, that this witness belongs only to the highest class of Christians? Would not you answer, 'The Apostle makes no restriction; therefore, doubtless it belongs to all the children of God?' And will not the same answer hold, if any affirm that it belongs only to the lowest class?" — *Vol. vii.*, p. 516.

[Our correspondent is too well informed to need that we should tell him that the phrase "The Witness of the Spirit" has a clear and definite signification in Methodist theology. It has for more than a century been a technical term, if we may so speak, among our people, pointing to one of the two great truths that the fathers believed to have been delivered to them to spread throughout the world. In our Methodist standards it is used to indicate the direct testimony of the Holy Spirit to the believer's spirit, of the fact of his adoption and justification; and Mr. Wesley in his two sermons on the subject, when treating it specifically, holds the same view. It is here, if anywhere, where he of set purpose takes up the question, "what is the witness of the Spirit?" that we must look for his own definition of it. Here it is, just as we gave it in the article referred to in the above strictures, as precise and unequivocal as is the question; "an inward impression on the soul, whereby the Spirit of God directly witnesses to my Spirit, that I am a child of God; that Jesus Christ hath loved me, and given himself for me; and that all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God." Let it be noted, too, that he thus defines "the witness" spoken of in his text, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." St. Paul in the passage speaks of adoption, as is seen from the preceding verse; and so Mr. Wesley interprets him as speaking of adoption and its concomitant justification. We find nothing varying from this in either of the two sermons. Besides, Mr. Wesley has occasion in numerous places in his works to discuss and defend this doctrine, and in them he rigidly adheres to this view.]

Now, surely, if "the witness of the Spirit" be a technical term, with a definite signification, it cannot be an unprecise term traveling as with a sort of roving

commission through the entire domain of possible assurances; if "the witness" is the Holy Spirit's testimony to adoption, it cannot include His testimony to entire sanctification, unless entire sanctification is included in adoption. Why does our brother raise an issue with us on the point of sanctification alone, omitting two others where we speak of assurance, and leading those who have not seen our article to suspect us of an assault upon a question connected with the subject of holiness, upon which there unfortunately happens to be altogether too much sensitiveness and even soreness for so sacred a subject? Now, that Mr. Wesley speaks of a "witness" and a "testimony of the Spirit" about several things besides adoption, is no new discovery. He holds not only that the Spirit gives a "witness" to sanctification, but that it "may" give a "testimony" to some that they shall finally be saved, and concedes that a "testimony from the Spirit that they shall never sin," may be given to some particular persons. But none of these does he ever include in that testimony of the Holy Spirit of which he speaks when defining and discussing the doctrine of "The Witness of the Spirit." Possibly the Spirit of God may directly assure a soul upon many points besides these, each of which assurances may properly enough be styled a witness, but they can never become his assurance to the specific fact of our adoption. They may be witness, but never the witness, or included in it. We therefore repeat our former words: We understand none of these things by "the witness of the Spirit" as taught by the apostle, and interpreted by Methodism. Such is the importance to spiritual life of a clear, unobscured view of this great privilege of all believers to be assured by the Holy Spirit of their adoption into the family of God; and so great is the tendency to accept some substitute for it, that we cannot safely depart from the old landmarks of more than a hundred years.

Our brother has very singularly misread our article. We raised no question at all about the possibility of an assurance of sanctification, but on the other hand we distinctly said, "We will not dispute any who affirm that the Spirit has testified to their own souls of their entire sanctification;" and if he has "testified" he has certainly given a "witness." Yet, in the face of this he asks us where in all our standards this very thing which we refused to dispute is "denied?" Nay, he even affirms that according to us "the witness of the Spirit to our entire sanctification is not taught by Methodism." We must remind him that this is a point which we did not touch, and do not now discuss. What we say is that the Spirit's testimony to our sanctification is not included in the term "The witness of the Spirit," as defined by Mr. Wesley and Methodist standards, which, as clearly as language can do it, is limited to the fact of sonship. It is to sonship that St. Paul refers, and to sonship there are no higher and lower degrees. We regret this misreading of us, and this unfair deduction from our words, although it has enabled us to set forth afresh the Methodist doctrine of "The Witness of the Spirit," and to mark the distinction between it and possible assurances as to other things.]

PREJUDICE.

A gentleman was once arguing with a Scotch woman, when, at length, he suddenly desisted. "I can tell you what, ma'am, I'll not argue with you any longer; you are not open to conviction."

"Not open to conviction, sir," was the indignant reply. "I scorn the imputation, mon; I am open to conviction; but," she added, after a moment's pause, "show me the person who can convince me!"

The incident fitly illustrates that stubborn fixedness of opinion which is sometimes mistaken for faith; a kind of pre-occupiedness of thought and temper which frowns honest inquirers away from Christ. For there are intelligent skeptics prejudiced against the mysteries of Revelation. They hedge themselves in and hinder free investigation by a supposed but mistaken self-importance. Because there are heights they cannot reach, depths they cannot fathom, and breadths they cannot grasp, therefore, they reject Revelation altogether, while the Nature they worship is equally incomprehensible. The geologist knows but very little about the formations he sees and studies; the astronomer gets but nightly glimpses of the remote worlds he names, and groups; the chemist is constantly surprised and puzzled at his own experiments; the zoologist is nonplussed with the sounds and shapes of the letters that spell out the wonders of the animal creation; and were any one mind a master of all these sciences combined, he were only a beginner of syllables in the Primer of Nature. The most profound professors in the universities confess the utter littleness of the human understanding to apprehend the causes, relations, and histories of the common creation.

After this, why marvel at the mysteries of the Christian religion? If nature, vast and incomprehensible, came from God, why not attribute to the same source the grand scheme of human redemption? Just as with the mysteries of creation, — light, air, water, bread and breath, — so, the mysteries of religion; they are privileges and bounties, and blessings all the while, free, full, vital, vast, and common to all. The Gospel invites study; it is as full of beckonings for investigation as the firmament is of stars, or an orchard of blossoms; and he who inquires, discovers, believes, adores and loves. The Word itself makes winning welcome: "Come and see."

But even among professing Christians, sometimes there arises more or less prejudice against certain relations and conditions in the Church. The line of history is obscured, perhaps; or the letter of direct authority is blurred, or the exact place and significance of the ordinances are in debate. The English Church unchurches Dissenters; and Dissenters on both sides of the sea, and in all latitudes, pronounce restrictions among each other. Rouse's rhymes rise up in solemn protest against the hymns of Watts and Wesley. John Knox pushes a sharp point into the quick of Richard Watson. Matthew Henry and Adam Clarke, with equal erudition and integrity, draw different inferences from the same texts. Some sects of Christians spread the Lord's table only upon an island to which they guard the approaches, while others make it open to all of any faith or any name. Another sect divides itself on the way toward heaven by a dispute as to whether it is *may* or *shall* get through! And so intolerance, envy, hatred, and persecution arise from prejudice — pre-judgment — fixing thoughts and words into shape before the advancing tests of discipleship measure up to given times and events; because men act by the creed of a school rather than by the calendar of the Sun of Righteousness. The old Inquisition, the Star Chamber, allecclesiastical assumption, and all autocratic exaction upon private judgment are directly or indirectly the results of prejudice.

Christians ought early in their experience to distinguish between truth, and theories about the truth. Even the Church of Rome has its saved multitudes of sinners who walk with the Lamb in white. Every branch of Christendom has had its ornaments, as well as its reprobates. Good has come out of all whose worship has been toward the lowly Nazarene, who is henceforth highly exalted.

Nathaniel of old was prejudiced; and yet he was a man of culture. This trouble of mind does not necessarily spring from ignorance. It moves beneath crowns; it speaks out of science; it lurks under epaulettes; it echoes about pulpits. It is a bad thing to get into sermons, into newspapers, into songs, into prayers. As to the primitive inquirer, it was said, in reply to a confessed prejudice, "Come and see," so the Gospel still invites. Tyndall may come. It is open for the entrance of all new lines of logic. It has no skeleton to hide. It has no weakness to cover. It challenges the keenest investigation. But it will not dishonor the faculty of faith in men. It will answer prayer; but will not abrogate prayer. It says, Judge ye. Come and see. Examine the facts. Penetrate the conduct of its Founder. Measure the language of the apostles. Scrutinize the lives of its believers in all ages, and in all lands. Cultivate an acquaintance with its author and with its representatives. "Come and see!"

Surely this is reasonable. And here is a broad and mighty fact: When men have come honestly face to face with the scheme of salvation in Jesus Christ, and considered it even rationally — its doctrines, its deeds, its divine origin, its every-day bearings, its glorious results, — in majorities of hundreds to one, they have accepted it, and been satisfied. Men are put on choosing ground with God. Because men are endowed in their creation with a capacity to form opinions, to will and to do, here, reasonably and righteously rests the destiny of every soul.

The Methodist of November 16, has an able leader on "The Over-Confidence of Skepticism." It remarks:

"It is not to be denied that a new skepticism has grown up, within recent years, which is just as confident of itself as the skepticism of the last century. It has an exponent in Buckle, who gravely asserts that 'the religion of mankind is the effect of their improvement, not the cause of it,' and who denies the efficacy of morals and religion as motive powers in human progress. It has another representative in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, in the latest product of his brain, *The Poet of the Breakfast Table*, expresses the hope that the doctrine that man is a fallen being may give way to the belief 'that he is the latest terrestrial manifestation of an ever-upward striving movement of Divine power.' We will suggest to Dr. Holmes that before we throw away the well-defined conceptions of God and man which we have drawn from Scripture, we will wait until we can substitute for them something

better than such vague nonsense as he offers us. We find a representative again of this skeptical spirit in Taine, who, a heathen in the midst of Christian civilization, boldly assumes that the great defect of the Northern races of Europe is the culture of the conscience, and who is ever at variance with the moral earnestness from which have come the great triumphs of modern life. It expresses itself in the gentle complaints of Matthew Arnold, and the unrest of Tennyson. It has lately asserted itself in a bold challenge to the Christian world to test the efficacy of prayer."

After discussing this point, the editor goes on to say:

"We have a right to insist that skeptics shall study the history of Christianity. We claim that this history proves it to be a divine, renovating life for mankind. We have a right to demand that they shall examine, with candor, the original records of the Christian religion. Unfortunately for them, the original records of Christianity and its general history are the departments of knowledge with which many of them give themselves the least concern. They apply to our religion the principles of some favorite scheme of philosophy, and dismiss it with contempt. But contempt is not wisdom, nor is an oracular tone demonstration. In searching for the foundations and the limits of its knowledge, the human mind has exhausted itself again and again. It has never, however, rested permanently in the denial of possibility of some form of cognizing the supersensual, and we may believe that it never will. The human race swings away from Christianity only to return afresh to its allegiance. Men may deny the spiritual world, but their necessities compel them to recognize that world again, and Christianity as the clearest revealer of its facts."

The article closes with a happy retort upon pure scientists:—

"Nor has science any sufficient ground for an over-confident disbelief. It may limit all knowledge to 'the experience of the facts acquired by the senses,' but the human mind will not rest within the limitation. It may claim that 'thought is correlated to the other natural forces,' but mankind will rest upon the fact of conscious free will as evidence of a spiritual nature in our constitution. The history of science is full of the instances of brilliant theories which have had their day. Many of its conclusions are merely provisional. Thus, with regard to geology, Sir Charles Lyell confesses that 'our knowledge of the living creation of any given period of the past may be said to depend in a great degree on what we commonly call chance, and the casual discovery of some new localities rich in peculiar fossils may modify, and to a great extent overthrow, all our previous generalizations.'"

We are grateful to our brethren in the ministry for their prompt and generous responses. The HERALD list has been rapidly enlarged, and our engravings have been widely distributed, and are giving good satisfaction. We shall be prepared soon to announce our improvements for the coming year. The reading matter of the paper will be largely increased. We are making arrangements to secure the best contributions for all its departments. Let us urge our friends to press the canvass now, as the earlier the subscription is obtained, the more the subscriber receives for his money. Read again our publisher's advertisement.

We cannot recollect when it has been our misfortune to read so vulgar and utterly unfounded an attack upon the memory of a deceased Christian man, as in the New York letter of *The Interior*, Chicago, of November 21, upon Isaac Rich, esq. We are surprised that the editors admitted it to their columns without comment. Its characterization of Mr. Rich is false. Its reference to an institution of learning sustained by a sister denomination, is contemptible. Its statements of Mr. Rich's provision for his friends, and the aid he received from them is untrue. Nearly every item in the account of the Cathedral building is incorrect; and the whole reference to Mr. Rich is in the worst of taste, and is an outrage to Christian charity.

Jordan & Marsh, the great dry goods merchants of Boston, whose premises marvelously escaped the great fire, has an advertisement in another column, to which attention is called.

The Preachers' Meeting on Monday was a season of unusual interest. Father Merrill related his experience amid the tears and shouts of a large assembly.

PERSONAL.

Rev. A. J. Church, of Wellfleet, our pleasant European correspondent for some months past, has returned home in excellent health and spirits.

Bishop Harris is designated for the Episcopal trip around the world; Bishop Foster, an Episcopal trip to Europe; Bishop Peck, for a visit to South America.

We understand that Rev. Dr. Wm. Butler, of the New England Conference, is appointed Superintendent of our mission in Mexico, and will enter upon his work next January. A most excellent appointment, in which his friends in New England most heartily concur.

Our friend, Mr. A. Ellis, the well-known fire insurance broker, whose business experience in this line has come of late to assume a pre-eminent importance, can be found at C. H. Frothingham's, No. 55 State Street.

Bishop Haven laid the corner-stone last week of a new Methodist Church edifice on Beckman Hill, New York city, with appropriate services and encouraging words. It is an important movement. The Church has long worshiped in its chapel, which has not afforded a very inviting assembly-room. The population in the immediate vicinity has changed in character since the commencement of the enterprise, and has become largely Jewish. The promise was not encouraging when the present pastor, Rev. W. C. Steel, one of the most laborious, affectionate, earnest, and faithful ministers we have ever known, entered upon the field last spring. With God's blessing he has triumphed over the most discouraging obstacles, and is now permitted to see the fine proportions of a comfortable church rising under his administration. God bless him, and those that are working with him!

We had a short call from Dr. L. S. Jacoby last week. Our excellent, and always welcomed brother started on a tour to visit his friends in Boston, and to secure aid for his interesting mission among the Germans in St. Louis. But he retires, he says, from the field, in good order. "It were better to bring money to Boston now than to carry any away." So our German apostle now thinks. We shall soon recover, however, with God's blessing, and have enough for ourselves, and something over for the "regions beyond."

Will all who write to the Agent of ZION'S HERALD please notice the following suggestions:—

1. Be sure and sign your name to the letter you write.
2. Be very particular to write the name and post-office address of each subscriber as plain as possible.
3. If the engraving of our Bishops is wanted as a premium, say so; it is not sent unless ordered.
4. We prefer that money should be forwarded as soon as collected. Our rule is, not to send the engraving till pay for the paper is received. Prepayment is more convenient for us, and our accounts can be kept with much less confusion. If persons want the HERALD, and it is not convenient to pay before January 1, let the names be forwarded at once, that they may have the benefit of our offer, namely, paper free for balance of the year.

The Methodist Church.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The annual Sunday-school Convention of the Boston District was held at Auburndale, on Thursday, November 21. The day was fine, and the attendance large. The Convention was called to order by Rev. Dr. W. R. Clark, Presiding Elder. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. Pentecost, Rev. J. Scott, Rev. F. Woods, and Rev. S. F. Upham were appointed a Committee to nominate officers. The following list was nominated and elected:—

President, H. W. Bowen. Vice Presidents, M. T. Hayward, O. S. Currier, G. M. Noyes, Joseph Carr, W. F. Stetson, Secretaries, C. S. Rogers, Rev. John Butler, Finance Committee, Rev. C. W. Cushing, W. C. Greene, esq., Rev. G. W. Leonard, Committee on Resolutions, Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D., Rev. J. E. Latimer, D. D., J. Brigham, Organist, Geo. H. Ryder.

The morning session was devoted to the reports of Superintendents. Twenty-seven schools reported an aggregate membership of 5,807, average attendance, 3,478. Of these 27 schools, 23 have regularly organized Sunday-school Societies; 19 have teachers' meetings; 21 use the Berean series; 24 have Sabbath-school Concerts; 19 take missionary collections; 13 use the Catechism; 19 report no unusual religious interest; 5 report a special interest. About 56 per cent. of the membership attend the preaching services.

The afternoon session was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Steele. The first exercise was an essay by Rev. H. Lummis, on "How the Sabbath-school can be made more interesting to young people." The essay was a strong plea for a more thorough and systematic study of the Bible with keen criticisms on the Berean lessons, and the generally accepted modes of the Sabbath-school. It was followed by a lively debate, participated in by Revs. E. D. Winslow, J. Scott, C. W. Cushing, and others. An essay by Rev. L. B. Bates, on the relation of "Sunday-schools to the mission work."

Rev. Geo. Wilson, City Missionary, read an excellent essay on "The importance of giving a half day to the Sabbath-school."

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, 1. That we earnestly recommend the formation of children's classes in connection with all our Sunday-schools.

2. That the cause of Temperance should have greater prominence in our Sunday-school work, and that we hereby urge that temperance societies be formed in all our Sunday-schools.

3. That we congratulate ourselves on the extent to which the Berean series have been introduced into our Sunday-schools, believing them to furnish the best method as yet tried for awakening interest in the study of the Bible.

4. That the subtle skepticism of the age deeply impresses us with the necessity laid upon our Sunday-school officers and teachers of thoroughly establishing the minds of our youth in a knowledge of the Bible, and we therefore deplore the fact, that in so few of our Sunday-schools the catechism is now in use, and we hereby urge its introduction in all the schools not now using it.

5. That the small proportion of Sunday-school scholars who attend the preaching of the Gospel is an alarming evil, and we hereby pledge ourselves to earnest effort to correct it.

In the evening, peculiarly appropriate addresses were made by Revs. Angelo Canoll, Frank K. Stratton, and B. K. Peirce. C. S. R.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The second lecture of the course given by the Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in Morgan Chapel, while the fire was raging on Cornhill, on Wednesday evening, 20th inst. The theme, "The Sweat of the Brow," was massively and masterly treated, abounding in beautiful passages and forcible illustrations, rendered with an eloquence and unctuous seldom equaled by any, extolling the success and dignity of labor. The bearded hand was lifted up to the "sweating soul" in the thought-loom; and both the one and the other perspire, filled with higher and holier ambitions, hopes quickened, and with accelerated step, turned him to life's battle in conscious manliness.

NORTH AMHERST. — An interesting revival of religion is in progress in connection with the Methodist Church in North Amherst. Meetings have been held every evening for three weeks, and a number of heads of families, who will be valuable accessions to this hitherto feeble society, have been converted. The pastor, Rev. D. K. Banister, has been assisted by the Wesleyan Praying Band of Springfield. This company of lay workers in the Church will conduct the services in the Lafayette Street Methodist Church in Salem again next Sabbath.

SAXONVILLE. — Rev. F. T. George writes: "The Lord has been granting us seasons of refreshing in connection with this charge, in addition to His spiritual presence and the ingathering of quite a number into His fold. He has moved the hearts of the people to use up and throw off a debt of some \$500, which has been resting upon us. The ladies and friends held recently a fair and festival, which in two evenings, realized not only a pleasant time, but a net profit of \$400! This, with pledges from generous brethren, clears off all debts, and gives fresh courage to all. For a factory village of not great pretensions, we feel well pleased with our gathering till we hear from other charges and like efforts. We give thanks to God for his great goodness."

The Springfield District preachers had a very pleasant gathering with the Southampton people during the last days of October. Dr. Thayer presided with customary dignity and satisfaction, and Brother Ray, of Coleraine, took the Minutes. Two days were pleasantly spent in discussion and essays, winding up with a grand theological battle on Prescence, between Brothers Rice and Peck, and Thayer and Thordridge. Rev. Brother Bass, of Brattleboro, was welcomed as a visitor, and on invitation of the Committee of Arrangements, preached a sweet and earnest discourse on the evening of the first day. At the next gathering will be invited all who would compose the District Conference. The meeting will probably be in December.

MAINE ITEMS.

We learn with pleasure that the Methodist societies of Oxford and Mechanic Falls are enjoying prosperity. These are among our enterprising charges. The new parsonage at Mechanic Falls, recently erected, is nearly completed. This is a timely and noble work, and meets a demand which the preachers as well as the people have long felt. They now have comfortable quarters for their pastors from year to year without the difficulties attending frequent removals. It is hoped that at least heavy furniture will be provided.

Rev. Mr. Whitcher, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Saccarappa, informs us that his society are now worshiping in the Universalist chapel in that village, and have been for nearly a year past. He reports his parish as being in a prosperous condition. Of late there have been some reclaimed, and some converted. He also reports a good religious interest in the Methodist Church, of which Rev. S. F. Strout is pastor.

Pine Street Methodist Church, Portland, is enjoying increased prosperity. Quite a number were induced to set out in the path of life last Sabbath morning. A good religious interest is prevailing also at the Allen Mission. Rev. John Allen has been laboring there of late with success. The Temperance cause is flourishing through the city. God be praised.

The Free Baptists of Lisbon have removed their Church edifice to a new site in the village, where they have remodeled and repaired it, putting it in good condition. This was a much-needed improvement. The society is prospering. The Methodist Society in that place is supplied the present year by Rev. E. Smith. We hear a good report of his labors, although his health is rather feeble.

Rev. H. F. Wood, a graduate of Bates College, who has been for some time past supplying the pulpit of the Free Will Baptist Society in West Waterville, was recently ordained as pastor of that church. Mr. Wood is an excellent young man, and will succeed no doubt in greatly strengthening the parish over which he is now permanently placed.

The Methodist Society in Hallowell have recently made extensive repairs on their parsonage. It now presents a neat and attractive appearance. Eleven persons were received in the Church in full membership last Sabbath. The Sunday-school is prospering.

One person was baptized, and fifteen added to the Methodist Church at Cape Elizabeth Ferry, last Sabbath. The pastor, Rev. B. F. Freeman, informs us that a general religious interest is prevailing through the parish. The Sunday-school is prospering.

Rev. Mr. King, of the First Baptist Church in Roxbury, preached a very interesting sermon at the Free Street Baptist Church in Portland, last Sabbath evening, on "Religious Impressions in Rome." Mr. King is a Portlander by birth. We understand that the occasion was one of unusual interest. This Church boasts one of the finest choirs in the city. It has a flourishing Sunday-school. Boston may be assured that she shares the sympathies of Maine in her "fiery trial." The whole State is moving in the way of relief for the needy. It is especially gratifying that the HERALD office escaped the conflagration. Long live the good old HERALD. May it receive "ever so many" new subscribers before this year shall close.

HALLOWELL, Sunday, Nov. 3, eleven persons were received from probation to full membership.

NEWFIELD. — Rev. O. M. Cousens writes: "The Church at Newfield is building a new church edifice, and in their inability to complete it without aid, have made application to the Church Extension Society. This application has met with a favorable reception, and will doubtless result in an appropriation at the next meeting of the Board. Brethren in the Maine Conference, however, will hear in mind that such applications cannot be expected to be so liberally honored as though the amount of our collections was greater. The only amount we are entitled to draw on this year is \$85.63. A balance from last year, of considerable amount would have been subject to our draft, but for the fact that collections of last year were pledged to the special purpose of aiding the Salt Lake City Church, cutting off a claim to any part of such money. But the Parent Society has honored every application we have made, and to the fullest extent of reasonable expectation. The Newfield Church will doubtless receive from two to three hundred dollars. Brethren, let us do our part to sustain this noble institution, which is seeing built at the rate of one church a day in the waste places of our land. If it does not do so well as it does in those old States, it were well worth our most arduous efforts to enable it to carry forward liberally the work it has undertaken along our border."

RHODE ISLAND.

The Church at Pascoag, R. I., under the pastoral care of Rev. Wm. Kirkby, is enjoying a gratifying degree of prosperity. They have refitted their house of worship, and paid a debt on the parsonage, at a generous expenditure, all of which was paid when they re-entered their renovated sanctuary. Of the money required, a large proportion was secured by the ladies' circle; the balance by subscription. The house was reopened on Sunday, Nov. 10. Rev. A. A. Presbrey, a former pastor, preached to large and attentive audiences, and led in the raising of the last sums necessary for the improvements, and prompted an encouraging effort towards the pastor's salary.

The best of all is, God is with His people, reviving His work. Twelve persons have recently been admitted to the fellowship of the Church, and the work is still progressing, with encouraging signs of a good harvest. Pascoag is an important point in our work, a large manufacturing community, surrounded by smaller villages full of a teeming population, whom we are able to reach effectively only through the Church in the larger and central place where there is ability to sustain vigorously the means of grace.

T.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

The First Methodist Episcopal Society in Haverhill, Mass., contemplate changing their name to Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church. There have been thirty-five at the altar for prayers in this Church of late, and the most of them are happily saved. Sixteen were received into Church fellowship two Sabbaths ago — twelve by baptism, and four by letter.

The Lynn Praying Band has been with the Church three Sabbaths, and rendered valuable aid in the good work which is still going on. The Sabbath-school connected with the society numbers three hundred. Their pastor, Rev. O. W. Scott, who is now, and has been, greatly prospered in his work, was assigned to this appointment for the first time, nearly three years ago — just at the time the society was divided. The branch that went off, and which now constitutes the Grace Church, has had a marvelous growth, financially, numerically, and spiritually; and especially within a few weeks, under their efficient pastor, Rev. W. F. Crafts. The first society has been reaping a constant harvest during these years. They have sprung to the front rank of churches in their finances, and an astonishing degree of success has attended their labors to build up a strong church and large congregation. Brother Scott has been generously remembered of late, with gifts of cash, etc., from his people.

There is a great revival in progress at East Rochester; meetings have been held for the past two weeks every afternoon and evening. About seventy persons have already professed conversion; whole families are turning to the Lord, and a large number of young men and women are witnessing that Jesus has power to save from sin. Brothers Montgomery and Cushman have greatly assisted the pastor, Brother A. A. Cleveland, in the work. The signs are that the Church and community will see still greater manifestations of saving power. This is a new appointment. The people received Brother Cleveland as their first pastor last spring. It is a Church born in a day, and a branch of the strong Methodist Church at Rochester.

The Haverhill Street Methodist Church in Lawrence has been greatly refreshed, and its vigor renewed. Brother C. H. Fowler has been laboring with them. The Lord has quickened them, and saved a number of souls. The pews are well rented, and the congregations are large. The church edifice has been painted, and greatly improved in its outward appearance. Dr. Barrows is beloved, and highly esteemed as a preacher and pastor.

The Boston fire has left a great many of our New Hampshire people in straitened circumstances. The manufacturers of various kinds of goods had many of them stored their stock in Boston, and some of them lost very heavy. Brother John W. Wheeler, of Salem, an official member of the Methodist Church, lost his woolen factory by fire, two months ago, valued at \$30,000, and by the fire in Boston he lost \$50,000 worth of woolen goods that were stored.

The Salem Church received a handsome present from the Merrill Brothers of Boston, sons of Rev. A. D. Merrill, consisting of lamps and globes for their vestry and audience-room.

VERMONT.

SOMETHING IN A NAME. — In getting out of Boston, and into Brattleboro', to attend the Springfield (Vt.) District Preachers' Meeting, Brother Wheeler, of India, met with several adventures. He amused his audience with a brief recital. He told of his introduction at Brattleboro' about as follows: "I was looking out at the depot for some clerical coat, and thought I

had marked my man, when, to my dismay, I saw him step up to a fellow-traveler, and ask, 'Is this Brother Wheeler?' and to my greater dismay, I heard an affirmative answer, and saw the traveling-bag change hands, and the two start off, chatting like friends at once, and evidently in haste for the waiting dinner. I began to think I should like to be met and welcomed after that sort, and mistrusting there was some mistake, I followed on, and soon discovered that my fellow-traveler and his host were getting 'mixed' in their conversation. Then I said, 'I guess you've got the wrong man.' Upon this, the trio halted, and Brother Bass asked, 'Are you both Wheelers?' Each solemnly affirmed, 'My name is Wheeler.' He proved to be a brother of an honored Vermont judge. If I had not been a stranger in Brattleboro' I should have kept in the rear, and waited to see what, for a missionary speech on India, you would have got from that Wheeler."

B.

what was often otherwise expressed, that the town was finished; and nothing more in the way of improvement was to be expected. But within the last ten or fifteen years a change has come over the place. It is no longer Durp, but an enterprising and growing town. And this, it is observed, is not by the introduction of new blood, but by the action of the families already there. The Methodist Episcopal Church is partaking of this new life. They are now erecting a new brick church in what is probably the most eligible site in the place. It is to have all the modern appliances for church work; and when finished, will be one of the best churches, in this respect, in our Conference. A great work will now be before this Church. It reached few, but from the lowest class, during the first period, and did not greatly elevate them. It has done but little better during the second. But now we may expect it to reach all classes, and be in all respects an elevating, purifying, and energizing power in that community.

P. P. H.

LECTURE OF REV. MARK TRAFTON.

During the last term the students of Boston Theological Seminary secured from a number of our ministers a series of informal addresses upon personal experience in relation to their work in the Christian ministry. Being much profited by them, we determined to continue the plan this year, purposing to include ministers of other denominations.

The first of the series was given us on a recent Wednesday, by Rev. Mark Trafton. It proved to be a very enjoyable occasion. In his characteristic way the speaker reviewed his own life and call to the ministry, and the many disadvantages under which he labored, leading us by these reminiscences to value more highly the advantages with which God was favoring us. "Many things," continued he, "must be learned before we can preach the Gospel effectually, and long years may elapse ere we attain our ideal."

Perfection is the child of practice. Punctuality, also, was a necessary virtue. Mannerism must be avoided. Be yourself. Aim to preserve your own individuality through the trying ordeal of a Theological Seminary. Never preach what is not felt in your own heart. Use wit if it comes natural. Be free in the manner of discussing a subject, and stick to that line of thought which you see interests the people. Never read in the pulpit. A man thinks best when his heart beats; and though this may be the case in the study, it cannot be reproduced in the pulpit.

The talk was replete with instruction, and exhibited a phase of Brother Trafton's character not often seen. The students expressed their appreciation by a rising vote of thanks.

STUDENT.

EMBURY MONUMENT. — The undersigned has been appointed by the Troy Conference and the National Local Preachers' Association, the agent for procuring funds to erect a monument to Philip Embury. ONE DOLLAR from each preacher, and as many laymen of your Church as would like to contribute to this worthy object, will meet the whole expense. Mr. Embury's remains are now resting in the Cemetery, near Cambridge, Washington county, N. Y., about thirty miles north of Troy. They have never had a suitable monument. This should be no longer delayed. He was the first Methodist preacher in America; he organized the first Methodist class in America; he built the first Methodist Church on the continent. He has been dead a hundred years, and yet, though the Methodist Church numbers two millions, he sleeps in the grave marked only by a plain slab. We approve of this enterprise, and hope that Rev. A. Mooney, its worthy and esteemed agent, may have great success.

M. SIMPSON.
E. S. JANES.

The following Committee were appointed by the National Local Preachers' Association for the purpose of collecting funds for the Embury monument:

C. H. Applegate, New York City; J. F. Forbes, Cincinnati, Ohio; D. T. Macfarland, Yonkers, N. Y.; W. J. F. Ingraham, Philadelphia, Pa.; G. W. Evans, Philadelphia, Pa.; A. Mooney, Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y.

We trust the small amount required of each person will receive a prompt and adequate response.—ED. HERALD.

BURNING OF THE ILLINOIS FEMALE COLLEGE. — The Illinois Female College at Jacksonville, Ill., belonging to the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Church, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 18th. The loss is about \$40,000, and the property is insured for \$35,000. Prof. Demalite, President of the College, lost about \$3,000 worth of furniture, etc., which is uninsured. There were about sixty young ladies in the college at the time, all of whom escaped with their wardrobes and books, and have been provided comfortable quarters by the citizens. This is the third time this college has been burned in nine years. Several persons were severely injured while endeavoring to save the building. One wing of the building was saved.

TROY CONFERENCE CORRESPONDENCE.

Schenectady, some sixteen miles northwest from Albany, is an old town, having been settled soon after Albany, and while this was yet the province of New Netherland. Captain Webb preached there about the same time he did in Albany, probably before Embury was roused by Barbara Heck to his duty, in New York. Within fifty years there were those there who had heard him. After the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this region in the second year, 1789, the name appeared in the Minutes, but disappeared again immediately; and not until 1806 do we learn a permanent society was formed there. There has always been an element of very decided piety in the Church; but unhappily for some years in the earlier period, an element, very low intellectually, esthetically, socially, and spiritually, was predominant. The house of worship was in keeping with this — a small wooden structure, with no good taste in its arrangements, or in the care it received.

About forty years ago a change took place in the lead of matters, little if any better in spiritual character, but in other respects more elevated. In 1835-36 a brick house was erected; and for a little time matters appeared better in the society. But this was soon over; and preachers and people who had any life, and any real enterprise, have felt themselves struggling against constant discouragements.

The town, or city, was familiarly called Durp, or rather Durp, from the Dutch Dorp. This seemed to indicate,

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION.

JANUARY 8 TO MAY 12, 1873.

[Alphabetical.]

| CONFERENCE. | PLACE. | TIME. | BISHOP. |
|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------|----------|
| Arkansas, | Little Rock, | Jan. 29, | Bowman. |
| Baltimore, | Hagerstown, Md., | March 5, | Foster. |
| Central Pennsylvania, | Chambersburgh, | " 5, | Merrill. |
| East German, | Schenectady, N. Y., | " 19, | Peck. |
| East Maine, | Damariscotta, | May 15, | Wiley. |
| Florida, | Jacksonville, | Jan. 29, | Ames. |
| Kansas, | Bareilly, | Jan. 16, | — |
| Kentucky, | Ottawa, | April 2, | Bowman. |
| Louisiana, | Lexington, | Feb. 19, | Wiley. |
| Maine, | Bowling Green, | " 12, | Haven. |
| Mississippi, | New Orleans, | Jan. 8, | Haven. |
| Missouri, | Skowhegan, | April 16, | Haven. |
| Nebraska, | Vicksburg, | Jan. 16, | Haven. |
| Newark, | Kirksville, | March 19, | Bowman. |
| New England, | Plattsburgh, | April 16, | Andrews. |
| New Hampshire, | Port Jervis, N. Y., | March 19, | Foster. |
| New Jersey, | Lynn, | April 2, | Wiley. |
| New York, | Newport, | " 16, | Simpson. |
| New York East, | Bridgeton, | March 19, | Scott. |
| North Carolina, | Hudson, | April 2, | Simpson. |
| Northern New York, | Second Ave., Harlem, | " 2, | Merrill. |
| North Indiana, | Charlotte, | Jan. 8, | Ames. |
| Pittsburgh, | Carthage, | April 23, | Peck. |
| Philadelphia, | Logansport, | " 16, | Merrill. |
| Prudential, | Columbus, Pa., | March 5, | Harris. |
| St. Louis, | Salem, O., | " 19, | Harris. |
| Troy, | Warren, R. I., | " 19, | Andrews. |
| Vermont, | Greenville, | Jan. 15, | Janes. |
| Virginia, | St. Louis, | March 5, | Bowman. |
| Washington, | Guyandotte, | Jan. 8, | Wiley. |
| West Virginia, | Wilmington, | March 5, | Scott. |
| Wyoming, | Elkton, Md., | " 8, | — |
| | Sheridan, Pa., | April 2, | Harris. |

THE NEWS.

MORE FIRES. — Since our last, Boston has been visited twice by destructive fires. On Monday night, 18th inst., the premises of Carter & Mann, manufacturers and dealers in coffee and spices, State Street Block, took fire, and before the flames could be subdued, some \$100,000 worth was destroyed. Several other firms were sufferers by water and fire. The building is a substantial granite structure, with brick partitions and a slanting roof; otherwise, the whole block would most likely have been consumed. On Wednesday evening, 20th inst., the great printing and publishing house of Rand & Avery, Cornhill, took fire in the fifth story, and in a short time was damaged to the extent of \$150,000. In another part of this paper we give further particulars of this sad calamity.

NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

King Amadeo, of Spain, is improving.

The subscriptions to repair Harvard losses by fire amount to \$85,300.

Woodruff & Robinson's grain stores in Brooklyn, were burned on the 18th. Loss \$800,000; insured.

The Coliseum was sold by auction on Saturday for \$10,500. All the furniture, decorations, and other material in the building and around it brought \$3,162.85.

An engagement between the Spaniards and the insurgents in the eastern department, Cuba, is reported, but the action and its results were unimportant.

Jay Gould was arrested in New York, last week, at the suit of the President of the Erie Railroad, for embezzling \$9,500,000 while in control of that road.

It is reported that a second ecclesiastical province of the Roman Catholic Church is to be established in England, with Liverpool as the metropolitan see.

The Massachusetts Legislature met in special session on the 19th, to make such enactments as may be needed by reason of the Great Fire.

Poultry is said to be dying along the banks of the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania, by thousands, from an epidemic disease which appears general.

In the French Assembly on the 21st, a bill was introduced to restore the confiscated property of the Orleans family. The trial-by-jury was passed.

Another victim of the great disaster is reported. John Hurley, on the night of the fire, while the old brick buildings at the corner of Congress and Channing Streets were burning, rushed in to make sure that his mother had made her escape. A few moments after the building fell and he has not been seen since. He was about twenty-five years old.

A meeting of sufferers by the failure of the Boston insurance companies was held on the 21st, and it was voted that the affairs of each company ought to be settled as speedily as possible by the appointment of receivers, one for each company to be the president thereof, and the other to be a citizen to be recommended by the committee of policy-holders.

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1872, IN BOSTON.

The Interpretation thereof.—Modern Conflagrations; or the Way we Build, and the Way we must Burn.

I find myself, this evening, in a city full of the phenomena of war; full of smoke and lurid glare and beating roar; full of military pickets and sentries; full of columns of excited men, charging, as it were, up to the bayonet barriers in every street, and continuously flowing baffled back; all avenues to the city clogged with trains seemingly interminable, with doubled engines panting angrily at their loads, and cars of all kinds for passengers, freight or cattle, mixed up, and pressed into a common service, and crammed to the very steps with every description of humanity—firemen, soldiers, civilians, roughs, all jumbled together, and crowding towards or from the awful centre of attraction in the burning heart of the city.

What does this mean? What does this modern style of conflagration portend? Formerly, under ordinary circumstances, fires were to some extent under human control. It behoves every city to investigate at once, and most earnestly, the nature of this new and terrible phenomenon, and to decide at once upon stern measures, if necessary, for the public safety.

The fire broke out in the basement of an enormously lofty double store on the corner of Summer and Kingston Streets. By the architect's plans, which lie before me, it appears that this store rose to a height of eighty feet from the sidewalk, with a ground extent of fifty by one hundred feet, with a large elevator running from the basement to the top, and with a double Mansard upper story twenty feet high, and built, of course, of wood. Now what do we do, when we wish to realize from fuel an extremely intense heat, for the rapid generation of steam for an engine, or for melting down the hardest metals? The chimney of an ordinary building is inadequate to the purpose, for two reasons: It is not over fifty or sixty feet in height, and besides this, its height above surrounding buildings is not sufficient to allow the powerful draft required; so we run it up till it overlooks everything around. Mark these two points: It is not the height of a chimney alone, but its relative height; and it is not these alone, but the stratum of the atmosphere into which it reaches, that determine the power of its draft. Remember the not merely appreciable, but great difference in the strength and excitability of the atmospheric currents on the top of a very high building, as compared with one of ordinary height. Try it in hot weather or in cold; the difference of the upper twenty-five feet is invariably most telling on the senses. Consider, then, how telling it must be on a fire. The difference in the purity and dryness of the atmosphere made by the last few feet is also prodigious. I have seen fresh beef dry up there, without taint, as it does in the atmosphere of the Colorado peaks. This is another important advantage to the force of combustion gained at a little above a certain height. But this belongs further on. In dealing with the chimney problem merely, it is important to remember that at a little elevation over all neighboring obstructions, the air currents begin to become very free, and freer at every step of ascent. In fact, the difference is so great, that only at such relative height do our weather-cocks reveal the true prevailing direction of the wind. Here the wind sweeps off the hot emission from the chimney-top so forcibly and constantly that free way is kept for its ascent in perfectly cooled and rarified air, and thus the draft is powerfully fanned and accelerated. The sum of the matter is this: That when you add twenty-five per cent. to the ordinary height of a building, you add not twenty-five, but probably some hundred or hundreds per cent. both to its draft-power as a chimney, and to the energy of combustion dependent on the purity, the liberty, the excitability, and the force of the air-currents above.

No celerity of fire apparatus could vie with the way that splendid blast furnace on Summer and Kingston Streets performed its proper work of generating almost instantaneously the intensity of heat before which granite and iron are as tow. Its whole interior, throughout which the mighty hot blast tore upward to the burst roof, became in a few minutes one vast furnace, in which iron melted down like lead. The more solid the walls, the more thoroughly every fibre of fuel was used, and the intense heat intensified and protracted. For setting the neighboring streets on fire, the idea of contact was childish. The buildings opposite, on either hand, were shot through with the consuming radiation, and perished by it as quickly as the contiguous ones by contagion. Nothing could be more natural and inevitable than the seemingly preternatural manner in which everything that looked upon that mighty heat burst into responsive flame. Men and engines could not approach it, and water became but steam before it.

But there was another department of the apparatus made and provided, which served not only to intensify

the heat in this irresistible manner, but also to direct its course, and thus to determine the very quarter and the very limits of the conflagration. On the sides towards buildings of modest pretensions, the initial conflagration was swift indeed; but such buildings could not sustain the ratio of its progress beyond the controlling power of the great Summer Street blast furnace, and there the work of stopping it was within the power of man, as was soon demonstrated. The same fact is to be observed wherever, and only where, the fire in its progress escaped the influence of great blast furnaces like that where it began. Wherever you find the boundary of the burnt district, in any direction, you find a barrier, either of water, or of vacant land, or of the purely incombustible mass of the new post-office, or of comparatively old and not immoderately high buildings burned, but not able to radiate irresistible heat far around them. On the other hand, the triumph of the fire is marked and measured accurately by the groups of lofty stores, with or without prominent Mansard roofs and towers, which constituted the newest and most magnificent quarter of wholesale trade. Above this quarter, at intervals greater or less,—it mattered not,—towered the giants of the Mansard race, ugly to look on, but still more diabolical in their confederate intent, like a chain of posted incendiaries ready to pass on from one to another, almost like a single electric flash, the deadly element. Instantly that the mighty heat surged up their roaring throats, and burst forth white as sputtering iron, my witnesses tell me that opposite blocks and distant prominences of similar kind, were seen to dart forth tongues of flame, as if spontaneously, and in a few minutes were blazing furiously, and in turn hurling afar, and raining on the roofs around them—not sparks, but white heat, piercing the slate or sheet-iron sheathings like paper, and kindling "fire-proof" buildings like piles of shavings. Such radiant heat as this volatilized the hydro-carbon of distant wood-work at a glance, and caused it to shoot forth instantly in incandescent gas. Against such heat and such heat-engines it is idle to contend. Water is nothing, and gunpowder is nothing, so long as one of these fire-towers remains within radiating distance of its fellows, to catch and send the destructive force across any gaps that can be opened by improvised agencies.

It appears to me certain that nothing can save our cities from destruction but a rigorous prohibition of building above a certain moderate height, except with purely incombustible materials, and a still more rigorous conformation of all existing structures to the same rule. If the principles of super-heating draft and of upper-air conflagration, illustrated by this fire, as well as by all steam chimney building, and hastily indicated in this letter, are not grossly misconceived, then no practicable armor can be relied on to enclose the white heat that may be generated in any tall building composed internally of wood. Depend on it, gentlemen, height is what's the matter; and that quite independently of the question of reaching it with water. I care very little whether you get water on one of these tall pillars of blow-pipe incandescence or not. The water will be steam before it strikes its mark. Will you not say with me, Mr. Editor, that whether these views are to be altogether accepted or not, all municipal authorities ought to combine on an exhaustive investigation of the philosophy of the subject, with the aid of the men most competent in the branch of science involved, and to determine the future regulations of building accordingly?

VIII.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — NUM. xiv. 21.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Rev. Mr. Coan writes a most interesting letter from Hilo, to the *Missionary Herald*, respecting the great work wrought on those islands. This veteran missionary, who has been permitted to see the greatest revival of modern times, is still in the field, doing noble battle for the Master. He writes:—

"How I would delight to see you in our emerald bower at Hilo, and spend hours in talking with you about 'The Field' and the fruits. 'The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light,' and the waiting isles are rejoicing in God's love, and in new visions of life through Christ Jesus."

"We would rejoice to have you look upon the wonders of grace in raising this ruined people to their present state among the redeemed races of men. Turning away from the enchanting beauties, the marvelous sublimities, and the awful grandeur of nature, to view the wonders of love and power in the resurrection of a dead nation, and in the regeneration of many souls, you exclaim with us, 'What hath God wrought!'"

But a few months since he was greeted with his excellent and devoted wife, by hosts of friends in this

country; now he is passing through the deep waters, but is abundantly cheered and sustained. He writes:—

"For some months after our return from the United States Mrs. Coan improved in strength. At length, however, her health declined again, and she is now so feeble as to be unable to read, except short passages, or to hear continuous reading, or engage in protracted conversation; and she has about ceased to use her pen, even to write to our children. She is pluming her wings for an upward flight, and we think she already sees 'the shining shore,' and the 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood.' Our daughter, Hattie, is carefully and tenderly watching with us, and leading her peerless mother down the western hills, not to 'Jordan's stormy banks,' but to the peaceful margin of 'the river of life,' where the redeemed wash their robes, and pass over to the 'happy land,' not 'far away.'"

CHINA.—The mission work in China, though it meets with difficulties, as in all heathen countries, is prosperous. The mission schools for the education of the children are very successful. There are more than 300 Hindu and Mohammedan boys in the Sunday-schools in Moradabad. The Presbyterian mission at Lodianna, India, has been in existence 37 years, and is strong and prosperous.

The Lodianna Mission is one of the earliest established in India by the American churches. One of its members, Rev. Dr. Newton, has been connected with the mission for 37 years; another member, Rev. Dr. Morrison, for 34 years. Both of these venerable missionaries are still doing effective work. Dr. Morrison has the honor of having first suggested to the churches of Christ throughout the world the propriety of observing the first week of each year as a season of united prayer for the conversion of the world.

MADAGASCAR.—Never did Christianity achieve a more glorious triumph than in Madagascar. The people there seemed to take Christianity as if it was the only religion suited to their circumstances. They have passed through terrible persecutions—the bloodiest in history—but they came out of them triumphantly. The following, from the last *Chronicle of the London Missionary Society*, will show briefly the progress of the good work there:—

"The Christians preached even in their prisons; but all the sufferers preached more eloquently by their lives, their holiness, by that patient language which never cursed their persecutors, but blessed them. The whole population of the central provinces and of many secluded districts were silently taught the power of Christianity, as the years went by; knowledge grew, convictions ripened. When the new king mounted the throne, those most advanced at once professed their faith. Every subsequent year made a large increase in their number. When the great revival came, at the illness of the late Queen, the people crowded to the churches. And when at length the idols were burned, all hesitation was flung aside; city and country, nobles and commons, poured like a mighty stream into the churches, asking to be taught this new faith. During the year 1870, 78,752 persons were added to our congregations; during last year, 63,000 others followed them. In 1870 the members were 20,951; at the close of 1871, they were 38,000."

HOW MUCH SHALL I GIVE?—At a missionary meeting in the Fiji Islands, held last year, each tribe came, led by its chief, singing as they came, and laid their gifts upon the table. One old chief leading his tribe, as he reached the door of the building, became deeply moved and greatly excited, and with tears streaming from his eyes, cried out, "What shall I give unto the Lord? O that I had something to give Him in return for all that He has given me. O that I were rich, that I had gold or land to give. I have only this mite, (holding up a sovereign). No, this is not all; I will give myself, my body, my soul, my all!"

JAPAN.—Nowhere in heathen countries do we see such rapid strides towards civilization as in Japan. The emperor in addressing the ambassadors of Japan, November, 1871, used the following language:—

"We lack superior institutions for high female culture. Our women should not be ignorant of those great principles on which the happiness of daily life frequently depends. How important the education of mothers, almost wholly rely for the early cultivation of those intellectual tastes which an enlightened system of training is designed to develop! Liberty is therefore granted wives and sisters to accompany their relatives on foreign tours, that they may acquaint themselves with better forms of female education, and on their return introduce beneficial improvements in the training of our children."

Five girls, between the ages of eight and fifteen, representing as many wealthy families, in accordance with the imperial recommendation, have been sent to this country for education. This is a most noticeable fact, and one that should awaken a special interest in this country for the Christianization of Japan. We commend the subject especially to the attention of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

LOOKING EASTWARD. — Says a recent writer: "The Lord is preparing His way among the nations of the East — the East that was — to us it has veered round to the West. China, Japan and India are now looking eastward to us, particularly in America, for the light of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ. In them the Sun of Righteousness is rising with healing in His wings. Let us do our duty, and win the world for Christ."

ENCOURAGING. — The foreign missionary work never assumed the importance and encouraging aspect as at present. The entire foreign field is full of promise and hope. Every heathen nation is moving towards Christ. The prophetic day dawns when this world is to be the Lord's. Help, help, ye professed followers of Jesus, to roll back the darkness of ages, that the full-orbed Sun of Righteousness may shine on all the earth.

Our Social Meeting.

"A Sister" takes this text: —

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Under this head, in the HERALD of October 10, I read an article from the pen of "J. W. S." which occasioned me so much surprise and pain that I have felt constrained to reply to a few points, hoping thereby to throw a different light upon the picture presented. I have the charity to believe that the writer in his zeal, must have failed to perceive the danger to be apprehended as a result of such injudicious and careless, not to say uncharitable statements, which he no doubt will have the candor to admit he can by no means prove.

Now by way of explanation, lest I may be misunderstood, let me say that I have been for many years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, endeavoring to serve my Master with a pure heart, and individual affection. I love the institutions of the Church. I prize, and highly prize the privileges of the prayer and class-room; and I delight in all the services of the sanctuary. Far be it from me to undervalue any of the means of grace; but at the same time I must and do protest most strongly against the practice of bringing up the attendance, or non-attendance of Christians upon the social meetings as a test of religious life.

"J. W. S." appears to be troubled with no scruples in this matter, for he says: "We boldly declare that all such have a name to live, and are dead." The "such" persons referred to are those brethren and sisters, who, having failed to be present at the social meeting, and being interrogated, have frankly stated their inability to be present, their regrets for absence, with good reasons for the same, etc. Why should not such expressions, coming from the lips of brethren in the Church, be received as truthful? Why should reasons be perverted to excuses, and denominated trifling?

Had I time and space, I would be glad to take up these reasons, or excuses mentioned by our friend, and prove their soundness. In my own circle of acquaintance I know of many, many pure-hearted, devoted Christians who are kept at home from week to week by just such reasons as most of those to which reference has been made. Surrounded as we are at the present day by so many religious privileges, there is great danger of relying too much upon outward observances of religion, and too little upon our Saviour. While it is desirable to attend upon the public means of grace as often as circumstances will permit, let it not be forgotten that duties never conflict with each other. There are duties we owe to our families, to our friends, to society, just as binding upon us as those we owe to our Church and pastor; since in whatever station in life it may have pleased God to place us, He requires us to be "faithful in that which is least;" and we may serve Him just as acceptably in the kitchen or the counting-room, as on bended knee in the sanctuary of God. We are not compelled, like Joseph and Mary, to go up to the temple to find Jesus; we can find him in our humble homes, by our quiet firesides. He deigns to come to us — presses to our parching lips the cup of blessing — makes the air balmy with the breath of his love, and waters even the dry and dusty thoroughfares of daily life with the refreshing dews of His grace.

Let it also be remembered that many among us are not so favored as Brother A. or Sister B., who find themselves weekly or semi-weekly, as the case may be, in the prayer and class-room; many, very many weighed down by the burdens of the day — burdens which may not be laid aside — find their feet too weary to bear them to the place of prayer; others have business responsibilities which must be met albeit the hour is late; others are detained for reasons various and unknown.

It would be well for us all to recollect that God knows all the whys and wherefores; and let each one who may be tempted to call in question the piety of professed followers of Christ simply because their places are often vacant at the social meeting — let such a one stop and ask himself this question: What am I that I should dare to sit in judgment against my fellow-mortals? Take heed to thyself, friend, lest thou be "weighed and found wanting."

A word of encouragement to struggling, toil-worn Christians; those who, necessarily oppressed with the

burdens and responsibilities of life, uncheered, it may be by Christian sympathy, deprived of the privileges of the Church, and unrefreshed by the ministry of the Word, are still striving to press heavenward. Bear thy cross, Christian; bear it for Jesus; not the cross of public speaking or public effort, God has not assigned that to thee, but rather the cross of silent, patient toil; bear it weekly for His sake, and thou shalt wear the crown. Toiler in the workshop, in the office, by the humble fireside, bear thy cross. Remember —

"If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere,"

and no service is degrading which the Master bids us perform; no cross too heavy that He bids us bear. Will not our good brother "J. W. S." make diligent search, iest peradventure a little mote of uncharitableness (I will not say a beam) may have lodged in his own eye? Will he not pluck it out with all haste, that with clearer vision he may discern the beauty of holiness? May he ever be found following in the footsteps of our blessed Master, and being filled with the spirit of Christ, with loving heart and willing hand may he gather in the sheaves.

Brother S. has some interesting remarks on —

MALDEN.

Items of history are always interesting; hence a question of interest to such as are in sympathy with Methodism is, when and where was the earliest preaching by the Methodist ministry in the town of Malden? We reply, at a house near the line between Saugus and Malden, at the extreme easterly part of the town at the first house on the left, east of the school-house, by Rev. Jesse Lee, the old pioneer of Methodism in New England. Near this house lived Mr. David Wait, and Mr. John Wait, two brothers, who professed faith in Christ through the instrumentality of Mr. Lee's preaching. The former died a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Malden. The time of Lee's preaching there was about the year 1795. The next Methodist preaching was at John Wait's house on Cross Street, in Malden, by Rev. Joseph Snelling, who was accompanied from Boston by a young licentiate whose name was Thomas C. Peirce, father of the present editor of ZION'S HERALD, who would follow Mr. Snelling with exhortation; both were popular in the neighborhood. Both were very earnest and happy speakers. At one time when Mr. Snelling was preaching on the love of God, he repeated with great effect the following stanza: —

"Was all the world of parchment made,
And every stick therein a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
And was with ink the ocean filled,
To write the love of God how hard;
Twould drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

I had the above from a gentleman who heard Mr. Snelling repeat the words; these meetings occurred about the year 1810.

The next Methodist preaching was at the extreme north part of the town, now Melrose, by Rev. T. C. Peirce, Rev. T. Merritt, and Rev. E. Kirby; hence the Methodist Episcopal Church in Melrose is the oldest Church organization in that town by many years, and from it sprung the M. E. Church at Malden Centre, which is older by ten years than the reorganization of the Congregational Church, and by ten years older than the Universalist Society. Back of 1835 the Universalist Society was the first Congregational Society in town, and the first religious organization in town; then followed the Baptist, Methodist, and reorganization of Congregationalist. The old organization was lost by a parish vote in favor of Universalism.

Obituaries.

Mother PRATT, of South Walpole, departed this life, in great peace, April 25, 1872, aged 75 years.

She was converted when 16 years old, and has been an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for forty years. We were always impressed, as we sat by her side, and conversed with her of her great love for the Church of her choice; and nothing gave her more trouble than to see anything cultivated in the Church that detracted from its good influence on every heart. She was an old-fashioned, holy woman. She had no fear of death; it was the gate to life with her. Quietly she entered the upper home and rest. "as shuts the eye of day," or "dies the wave upon the shore." Her feebleness for months prevented her from the enjoyment of the means of grace in the Church. But her home was a "Bethel." Surely, our people die well.

NATHANIEL LAMSON died in Walpole, Sept. 6, 1872, aged 56 years.

He was converted in his fifteenth year, and was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada for thirty-nine years. Eighteen years of that time he was a faithful class-leader. If others vacillated in their theological opinions, Brother Lamson did not. His life was the result of the most intelligent convictions, he believing in, and exemplifying the doctrine of holiness — a doctrine loved by himself and our dear Sister Lamson, who mourns his loss.

Brother Lamson was a Christian gentleman of the true type. He came to Walpole, Mass., in 1849, where he joined the Congregationalist Church (there being no Methodist Episcopal Church in the place), and in which he held his church relation when he passed away, respected and mourned by all who knew him. He has gone from a life of faithfulness on earth to an eternity of joy in heaven. His Christian testimony was clear to the last, and is a great comfort to all his relatives and friends. May we be stimulated by his life to follow him as he followed Christ on earth, that we with him may have joy eternal in heaven.

G. R. BENT.

South Walpole, Nov. 11, 1872.

Miss HARRIET B. PLIMPTON died in Southbridge, Mass., Aug. 17, 1871.

She for many years was a good member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Church was dear to her, and in a quiet way she worked hard for its prosperity; and according to her means, she gave largely for the support of the Church at home, and for the missionary cause in foreign lands. Now she fully enjoys the reward of such a life. W. SILVERTMOEN.

BENJAMIN T. GLADDING died in Newport, R. I., Sept. 18, aged 37 years.

His unluck for decease was caused by an injury to the spine, occasioned by a fall from a ladder; but it was as triumphant as it was unexpected. Fear had no place in his heart; only peace and joy and hope. This death-bed triumph was preceded by a life consistent and upright. He was faithful in the discharge of duty to God and man, to family and Church, yet added that highest grace of Christian character, true humility. Both his life and death were most convincing of the reality and power of the Gospel system. D. P. L.

Mrs. ELIZA MERROW died in East Wilton, Me., Oct. 5, 1872, aged 71 years.

In early life she gave her heart to God, and her name to the Methodist Episcopal Church. While her physical strength remained, she was faithful in the performance of Christian duty. Her conduct was such as to recommend the religion of Christ. For some time before her death her sufferings were most intense; but faith triumphed. Being unable to speak audibly, she replied to the question "Is Jesus with you?" by a thrilling pressure of the hand, which assured the writer that she was sustained by the Christian's hope. "Our people die well."

PRUDENCE RUSSELL died in Temple, Me., Oct. 18, 1872, aged 78 years.

For more than half a century she was a faithful and exemplary member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her end was peaceful.

DELANO PERRY.

East Wilton, Me., Nov. 12, 1872.

Mrs. ANNA HAYDEN was born in Middletown, Conn., in 1803; she died in Haydenville, Mass., Oct. 21, 1872.

The subject of this notice was converted to God at a camp-meeting. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in her native town. This was in the day of small things, when "this sect was everywhere spoken against." In 1825 she was married to Josiah Hayden; and hand in hand, in perfect oneness of spirit, for nearly half a century they have journeyed together. Their lot was soon cast in North Adams. Here they were members of the first class organized in that place, Brother Hayden being the leader. When they came to Williamsburg they found no Methodist Church; and they became instrumental in founding our cause in that place. Through all the troublous times of secession, the storms, the changes of those years, she has ever been the steadfast friend of the old Church, rejoicing in the privilege of suffering scorn in its behalf for the Master's sake. She was a most efficient helper in the Church; earnest in all its affairs; ever the friend of the pastor; full of courage; in the darkest hour never abating one jot of heart or hope, never weary in well-doing. Apparently possessed of "a faith that would not shrink," she became the life of any company into which she was thrown. Her final sickness was short, but of intense suffering. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

W. J. P.

ALBION P. FILES died in Gorham, Me., Oct. 21, 1872.

He was born June 19, 1824, in West Gorham, where he was reared and resided until 1866, when he moved to Gorham. He was faithful in every relation of life; as a husband and father, citizen and church member, a soldier during the Rebellion, and subsequently a Representative in the State Legislature. He was converted at the age of 13 years, and during the whole time since maintained his connection and standing in the Church. In October, 1870, he entered the rest of perfect love; and from that time the divine life in him shone forth more manifestly and powerfully, as if in prophecy that it was soon to be hid from our sight with Christ in heaven. He was licensed to preach in 1870; but every one who has heard him speak on religious themes knows that he had a better claim to their confidence and attention than any church credentials could give. His preaching consisted chiefly in the narration of his Christian experience, which was singularly clear, definite, and triumphant, and in the expression of a large-hearted charity, and intense yearning for the salvation of his acquaintances. His last days, though spent in protracted and painful illness, were his best. Always peaceful, and frequently cheerful, he talked with freedom of his departure, and with the greatest assurance of his home in heaven. His last words, "Did he not say, 'My peace I leave with you?'" gave evidence that his soul was resting in Christ. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

In Gorham Village, Oct. 31, of typhoid fever, MILTON LIBBY, aged 35 years.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1869, with which he maintained his connection and standing until death. He leaves a wife and three children.

In South Gorham, Oct. 23, MARY LIBBY, mother of Milton, aged 61 years.

She was a woman of rare strength of character, and a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for forty years. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Died, in Fremont, N. H., Oct. 21, 1872, RUTH MARTIN, aged 73 years, 10 months, and 21 days.

For forty years Sister Martin has been an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She has left the Church militant to join the Church triumphant, leaving a husband who for forty-nine years has walked life's journey with her, children and grandchildren, who have been blessed with her godly counsels, and a numerous circle of friends, to mourn for her. She was an earnest Christian, a faithful wife, a loving mother, a kind and willing neighbor. Our loss is her gain. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Epping, N. H., Oct. 24, 1872.

D. W. DOWNS.

ALLEN CROWELL died in Holden, Me., Oct. 23, 1872.

Brother Crowell experienced religion in 1840, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Eddington, of which he continued a member till called to the Church triumphant above. He was a faithful class-leader, an active Sunday-school superintendent, a worthy steward, and an uncompromising Christian. About his only sickness was that which terminated in his death; and through it all he was supported by that grace which is always sufficient; and the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother was present in the disrobing-room of death, and gently loosing the silver cord. He let the liberated spirit from the suffering body into the heavenly mansion, to go no more out forever.

J. W. H. C.

JOHN GREELY died in West Waterville, Me., Oct. 31, 1872.

He was evidently among the choicest and ripest fruit the Master had in this part of His vineyard; ready to be garnered home. He experienced religion in Hallowell when but a youth, and for more than sixty years, we think, has been a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a brother of Rev. Gorham and Rev. Greenleaf Greely, of precious memory, traveling ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Father Greely's religion made him sweet in old age. Holiness of heart was to him the sweetest and dearest of themes. Many times during his sickness of only four weeks, he was heard to say, "Jesus saves." With him the battle is fought, the victory won, and he is crowned at last.

N. C. CLIFFORD.

CORRECTION. — Rev. James Cotton, of Troy Centre, Me., not A. C. Cotton, was the author of the obituary of Loruhama, wife of James Trask, in a recent HERALD.

HERALD CALENDAR.

New England Education Society Quarterly Meeting, at Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield St., Dec. 4
Norwich District Preachers' Meeting, at Willimantic, Dec. 2-4
St. Albans District Preachers' Association, at Colchester, Dec. 10-12

IMPORTANT TO HORSEMEN.—Inflammation cannot exist where Prof. "ANDERSON'S DERMADOR" is applied. Fresh wounds, Galls, Caulks, Bruises, are dried down and Healed without inflammation. Scratches, Sand Cracks, Swellings and Sprains, cured by a few applications. A thorough use will also cure Sweeney, Poll Evil, Windgalls and lameness, from whatever cause.

For Garget, Sore Teats and Bags, and all Sores and Swellings on Cows and Oxen, it is invaluable.

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603.

The laboratory and warehouse of Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, the well-known manufacturers of flavoring extracts, cocaine, etc., were saved, and their business is uninterrupted.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength. They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and are so highly concentrated that a comparatively small quantity only need be used.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., of Boston, are the manufacturers and proprietors, and their Extracts are for sale by all Grocers and Druggists.

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Children cry

— for Pitcher's Castoria. It regulates the stomach, cures wind colic, and causes natural sleep. It is a substitute for castor oil.

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To the Public.

THE PAIN-KILLER manufactured by PERRY DAVIS & SON has won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in medical preparations.

The universality of the demand for the Pain-Killer is a novel, interesting and surprising feature in the history of this medicine. The Pain-Killer is now regularly sold in large, and steadily increasing quantities, not only to general agents in every State and Territory of the Union, and every Province in British America, but to Buenos Ayres, Brazil, Uruguay, Peru, Chile, and other South American States, to the Sandwich Islands, to Cuba and other West India Islands; to England and Continental Europe; to Mozambique, Madagascar, Zanzibar, and other African lands; to Australia and Calcutta, Bangkok, and other places in India. It has also been sent to China, and we doubt if there is any foreign port or any inland city in Africa or Asia, which is frequented by American and European missionaries, travelers, or traders, into which the Pain-Killer has not been introduced.

The extent of its usefulness is another great feature of this remarkable medicine. It is not only the best thing ever known, as everybody will confess, for bruises, cuts, burns, etc., but for dysentery or cholera, or any sort of bowel complaint, it is a remedy unsurpassed for efficiency and rapidity of action. In the great cities of British India and the West India Islands and other hot climates, it has become the standard medicine for all such complaints, as well as dyspepsia, liver complaints, and other kindred disorders. For coughs and colds canker, asthma and rheumatic difficulties it has proved by the most abundant and convincing trials and testimony, to be an invaluable medicine. The proprietors are in possession of letters from persons of the highest character and responsibility, testifying in unequivocal terms to the cures effected and the satisfactory results produced, in an endless variety of cases by the use of this great medicine. That the Pain-Killer is deserving of all its proprietors claim for it is amply proved by the unparalleled popularity it has attained. It is a sure and effective remedy. It is sold in almost every country in the world, and is becoming more and more popular every year. Its healing properties have been fully tested, all over the world and it need only to be known to be prized.

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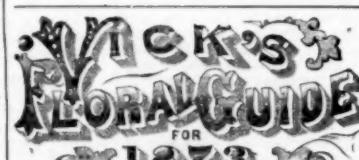
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1873.

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The Will of the late Hon. Richard Fletcher, of Boston, by which Dartmouth College is made his residuary legatee, provides for a Special Fund, to be under the care of the Trustees of the said College, from the avails of which they are to offer biennially a prize of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best Essay on the subject indicated in the following extract from the Will:

"In view of the numerous and powerful influences, constantly active in drawing professed Christians into fatal conformity with the world, both in spirit and practice; in view also of the lamentable and amazing fact, that Christianity exerts so little practical influence, even in countries nominally Christian, it has seemed to me that some good might be done by making permanent provision for obtaining and publishing once in two years, a Prize Essay, setting forth truths and reasoning, calculated to counteract such worldly influences, and impressing on the minds of all Christians, a solemn sense of their duty to exhibit in their godly lives and conversation, the benevolent effects of the religion they profess, and thus increase the efficiency of Christianity in Christian countries, and recommend its acceptance to the heathen nations of the world."

The Trustees do now in accordance with the said Will, offer the above-named Prize. Essays are to be sent to the undersigned, on or before the first day of December, 1873. A *nom de plume* is to be attached to each, and inscribed on a sealed envelope containing the real name of the writer. This envelope will be opened only in case the Essay gains the Prize. Five hundred copies of the successful manuscript are to be printed and distributed by the Trustees; beyond which number, the writer may retain, if he pleases, his copyright in the work. If no Essay is found worthy of the Prize, the Trustees are to pay the sum offered to some charitable institution in New Hampshire, at their discretion. The Committee of Award are Rev. Alvah Hovey, D. D., Professor in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass., Rev. Joshua W. Wellman, D. D., Pastor of the Elliot Congregational Church, Newton, Ms., and Rev. Luther T. Townsend, D. D., Professor in the Methodist Theological Seminary, Boston, Mass. ASA D. SMITH, PRESIDENT.

Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. Nov. 1, 1872.

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Kent's Hill, Me., Nov. 4, 1872.

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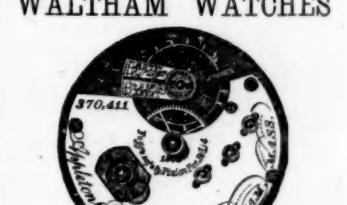
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